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CHRONICLE.

THE Kaiser's birthday proclamation to the German army has a bad sound. That he should take Divine Providence under his protection, with a more offensive condescension than ever before, was perhaps to be expected. Nor need one pause, save for a fleeting smile, over his apparent conviction that he himself commanded the German forces during the war with France. The announcement that the twenty-fifth anniversary of this war is to be made a national festival throughout the Fatherland, beginning with the famous "Krieg Mobil!" of July the 15th, and prolonged to the 10th of May of next year, the date of the Frankfort treaty of peace, is unfortunately open to but one interpretation. The domestic politics of Germany are in a bad way, but those of France seem in an even more hopeless tangle. It will be safe, therefore, for the Emperor to fish in these troubled waters, and stimulate a waning national spirit at home by chauvinistic demonstrations at the expense of a neighbour too distracted and isolated to show resentment. There is no other case on record of a victorious nation recalling in such extraordinary fashion, after the lapse of nearly a quarter-century, the pains and terrors of its triumph. Even the annual Sedan celebration has been of late almost abandoned, out of deference to French susceptibilities. This wholesale revival of bitter memories, now that France seems too weak to be feared, may be ingenious, but it is not generous.

That the Government intends in the coming session to afford the House of Lords an opportunity for preventing rash and ill-considered legislation is to be assumed from Lord Rosebery's somewhat vague reference at Cardiff to a Bill for the payment of members. The system has worked badly on the Continent and in the Colonies. Many months ago both Sir George Dibbs and his successor, Mr. G. H. Reid, publicly declared that no small part of the troubles of New South Wales was due to her paid Legislature. When not engaged in purposeless and worthless talk, the paid member is concerned in obtaining some concession for the constituency he represents, in the hope that by conferring a favour he will ensure his re-election and the consequent retention of his salary. This is true of him under the Northern Lights and under the Southern Cross. Paid members have brought Newfoundland to a state of financial collapse compared with which Greece seems almost to flourish; and how little patriotism they possess was seen in the recent proposal of the Queensland legislators to double their salaries at a time when the Colony was labouring heavily under a load of debt. To introduce the system into England would be to ignore the teachings of experience, and to create a new form of the pocket borough, a form which would induce members to think of their pockets first and of their country afterwards.

When Mr. Fowler went to the India Office not quite a year ago, he was the most provincial of politicians; since he has held that post he has made speeches distinguished chiefly by their total abstinence from any reference to Imperial affairs; but on Tuesday night he made a departure at the Imperial Institute, when he was called on to propose the health of Lord Sandhurst, the new Governor of Bombay. He performed the duty in a manner equally surprising and satisfactory, and it was a little hard on him, perhaps, that the first noteworthy utterance of the sort from his lips should not have been made in the presence of reporters for the press. He denied that India was bankrupt, or in any danger of becoming bankrupt. Lancashire will be interested to learn that during the last fourteen years eleven Indian budgets have shown a surplus, and only three a deficit. Investors in Indian Securities, it seems, have confidence in India's future, for Mr. Fowler made the interesting announcement that when ninety-five millions of Indian Stock was converted recently, the Government had to buy out the holders of only half-a-million.

The collision which resulted in the sinking of the North German Lloyd steamer, the *Elbe*, and in the loss of 374 persons, remains inexplicable. We are asked to believe that the "look-out" men on the *Elbe* saw a large steamer approaching, and "in order to attract her attention more rockets were sent up at shorter intervals, but the steamer still came on." But why did not the *Elbe* alter her course? A couple of turns of the wheel would have ensured safety. One of the survivors, Mr. John Vevera, of Cleveland, Ohio, has given us a most vivid and realistic account of the accident. After putting on a couple of lifebelts, he "rushed back to the upper deck, and saw at once that the ship had got a heavy list and was clearly sinking. The boats were then being lowered. I asked," he says, "if I should get into one of the lifeboats, and was told that I must not do so, as the ladies and children must go first. I saw that there was no chance of my getting into those boats, and quietly waited, looking on. By this time the men around me were beginning to get madly alarmed, and some of them, seeing that I had lifebelts on, tried to tear them from me. I, however, managed to push them away. Meanwhile the boats were being filled with men, and I realized that if I did not get in too I should not stand a chance, and therefore I jumped on to the rail, and as the boat sheered off and rose on the waves I jumped right on to her. One of the men tried to shove me out, but I clung to him, thinking to myself, 'If I go, you go too.' This the man seemed at length to understand, and he made no more efforts to throw me out. We saw the *Elbe* go down, and then cruised about until picked up by the smack."

The case of Mr. Justice Vaughan Williams merits serious public attention. Not only the financial press, but the legal press and the legal profession are hinting, not obscurely, that the Lord Chancellor intends, or intended, to remove Mr. Justice Williams from the Court

for cases coming under the Companies Winding-up Act. They assign as a reason for the step a decision of Mr. Justice Williams, and his remarks when giving that decision, which seriously affected the position of Mr. Mundella, an ex-colleague of the Lord Chancellor. We agree with the *Westminster Gazette* that it is "a great pity that an official statement was not made at once to the effect that the replacing of Mr. Justice Vaughan Williams was due solely to the necessary absence of that Judge on circuit, and that there had been no idea whatever in any quarters of making any permanent alteration"—if this be the truth. The public, however, should insist upon an official explanation from Lord Herschell.

The death of Professor Cayley last Saturday has deprived England of her greatest mathematician. As Sadlerian Professor of Mathematics at Cambridge University he showed himself no less distinguished as a teacher than as an investigator. In all branches of mathematics he was a master. Mr. Glaisher has called him "the greatest living master of algebra." His best title to fame is his creation of a new branch of mathematics by his discovery of the Theory of Invariants, which, Professor Salmon says, "has given quite a new aspect to several departments of mathematics." Professor Cayley was a man of modest, simple nature, and an indefatigable worker. He was devoted to his *métier*; in fact he sacrificed brilliant prospects at the bar for his Cambridge professorship. So ardent a lover of learning for its own sake is seldom to be found in an English university.

At the Imperial Institution on Monday, Dr. Jameson grew eloquent on the subject of Rhodesia, which, to judge from his account, must be the prototype of that land after which mankind has yearned in prose and verse from immemorial time. It is nearly as large as Europe: white men and women can live there comfortably and rear healthy children. The soil is not quite so rich apparently as that in the vicinity of Colonel North's Londonderry Mine, which is like "going into a bank and taking out the sovereigns," but still it is, we are told, "highly mineralized," and "highly payable." There are, of course, the usual "innumerable gold fields" scattered about; iron and coal also exist most conveniently side by side; and "the agricultural and pastoral capabilities of the country" fairly exhausted Dr. Jameson's powers of eloquence and statistics. In fact, Rhodesia is a perfect paradise. The Matabeles make bricks for the conquerors, and "are thoroughly grateful for the protection of the civilized government under which they are living." Are they also "thoroughly grateful" for the slaughter of many hundreds of their kith and kin by the same "civilized government" last year?

The house of temperance is divided on the question of the Gothenburg system. Mr. W. S. Caine, M.P., speaking at Nelson, included the Duke of Westminster, the Bishop of Chester, and Mr. Chamberlain among "jog-trot amateur temperance reformers," among the "greenhorns, apprentices, and crude hands," who were "asking temperance reformers who had spent thirty years in the work to stand aside." Certainly Dr. Jayne's proposal did not meet with much sympathy from the Bethnal Green working men. Poor Dr. Jayne! Imagine his feelings on being informed by one of them that he was "surprised at a teetotaller standing upon the platform and advocating drinking in any form," and by another that "the Church and the liquor traffic went together." But perhaps the Bishop is one of those to whom "not to be martyred is a martyrdom."

The grand airs of patriotism which the directors of the British East Africa Company have lately been giving themselves have an amount of hypocrisy in them, which makes it difficult for any one, not a shareholder, to feel much sympathy with the Company now it has fallen on evil days. The chairman, Sir A. B. Kemball, pompously "trusted that the shareholders would emphatically endorse the board's repudiation of the attempt to construe these negotiations (with the Government) into an appeal on the part of the Company for compensation for pecuniary loss, their claims resting upon services

rendered to the State at the instance of the Government and the public, and recognized by the highest authorities." The British East Africa Company is an uninteresting failure at best, and its directors are making it a laughing-stock by their continual endeavour to pose as patriots who have been ruined by their devotion to their country's interests and sublime neglect of their own, whereas their true position is that of men with little business ability who have made a bad bargain. It is to be regretted that the Company should have been allowed a genuine ground for grievance in the matter of Uganda.

It is instructive to compare the cost of the work done by the late Metropolitan Board of Works with that of the work done by the London County Council. The Council, which, as Mr. Ritchie observed at the High-bury Athenæum, "is practically a committee of the Radical and Socialist clubs throughout the metropolis," has increased the rates nearly threepence in the pound. The work of the City Corporation is brilliant by contrast; it has carried out great works like the Tower Bridge without charging the ratepayers one penny. The London ratepayer must wake up or the Radicals will succeed in merging it in the already overgrown County Council. There will then be much futile wailing on his part, as there is now over the once-abused Metropolitan Board of Works.

The Labour Department of the Board of Trade has published, in the *Board of Trade Journal* for December 1894, some important particulars relating to the number of unemployed members of trades unions in that month. Returns were received by the department from 67 trade unions, with an aggregate membership of 367,796. The total number of unemployed members at the end of the year was 28,484, or 7.7 per cent. In December 1893, the returns received from 32 unions gave 7.9 per cent as the number of unemployed. On the whole, the labour market has recently shown a steady upward tendency. So much for Alderman Ben Tillet and his fantastic arithmetic.

Sir Saul Samuel, the best known of the Colonial Agents-General, has had a frank intimation that the New South Wales Government would like to receive his resignation, and Mr. Duncan Gillies, of Victoria, has barely escaped a serious reduction in salary. The Australian colonies seem to find their representatives a doubtful luxury.

The young Tsar has not displayed that tenderness for the feelings of our own Friends of Russian Freedom which might have been wished, but elsewhere there will not be much surprise at his frankly expressed intention to continue business as an autocrat at the old stand. Heirs apparent are always liberals when the sovereign is not; but sovereigns themselves are mostly of one political faith—which is that of the most influential people about them. In Russia, where the Tsar is peculiarly dependent upon those immediately surrounding him, this is especially the case. Now that the mourning period is over, and the foreign guests have been gone long enough to be half-forgotten, the natural governing forces of Russia, aristocratic, military, and theocratic, are asserting themselves in the normal way. That is all.

When we heard a fortnight ago that illness had cut short the speech which the Duke of Argyll had begun in the City Hall at Glasgow, our sorrow at the cause was tempered by the feeling that we had escaped a painful half hour. Now the Duke has thought fit to communicate his speech to the *Times*, and we see him as a hectoring schoolmaster engaged in lecturing that naughty little boy Lord Rosebery. But the boy has at least the power of making the Reverend Doctor very angry. He asserts in no measured terms that Lord Rosebery tells lies; he declares that he is "made of putty," and that when the Radicals threaten he "comes to heel." All this may be true enough; but an urbane tone goes better with the delivery of platitudes, and we can never forget the Duke of Argyll's "Mervousness" until he shows that he continually bears it in mind.

THE DISPENSERS OF FAME.

THE GREAT TWIN BRETHREN.

IT appears to be taken for granted in these days that the journalist can give a man reputation or withhold it according to his sovereign will and pleasure. We no longer believe that the voice of the people is the voice of God; we have seen the popular voice in process of manufacture, and have had reason to doubt its Divine inspiration. But we seem to stand in some danger of putting the journalist in the place of the inarticulate mob, and of taking his opinions at a good deal more than they are worth. Scientists write to us to complain that these penmen often exalt insignificant members of their own craft far above men of European reputation as naturalists or chemists. We hear nothing, they tell us, of the revolution worked in mathematics by Cayley, but a great deal of the merits and demerits of Mr. Le Gallienne's verse. Great engineers, too, who have increased man's mastery over Nature; men of business, who have found new outlets for commerce; and adventurers, who have added vast areas to the Empire, are comparatively neglected, while the papers gravely dispute as to the value of Mr. Waugh's literary judgments. It must be admitted, we think, that the reproach is well founded. We still suffer from the effects of our mediæval education; and as we were taught to regard a knowledge of words as more important than a knowledge of things, the fault must not be laid wholly upon us. But when this admission is made, and a very large admission it is, something remains to be said against the contention of the complainants. They have taken the journalist as the doorkeeper of the Temple of Fame, whereas he more nearly resembles the leather-lunged cheap-jack whose passion is excited by his self-interest. This belief in the high value of the journalist's dictum is apparently the complement of the popular opinion that an advertisement bears some relation to the value of the thing advertised, whereas it merely stands as an index of the consumer's ignorance in regard to the quality of the particular article. The truth will bear repeating, that if the journalist can give a man notoriety, this notoriety itself, like the popular admiration, has nothing whatever to do with fame. A Blake passes through his generation unnoticed and unknown, while a Southey is made poet-laureate, and regarded as a great prose-writer. A Fitzgerald writes in obscurity twenty verses that must live as long as the language, while Macaulay becomes the popular idol by reason of far-fetched and false antitheses, the tinsel glitter of which is dimmed within ten years of his death. And if we look closer still, at one of the instances where the popular and the journalistic voices are in accord, and both are in a certain limited sense right, we find that the grounds of their admiration are curiously inadequate. The many-headed loved Tennyson because of his "May Queen," his "Dora," and other such *ad captandum* appeals to spurious sentiment; the journalist admired Tennyson for his "Locksley Hall" and "In Memoriam," with their cheap science and cheaper griefs. The few great lyrics which Tennyson did write passed almost unnoticed save by the few genuine lovers of poetry.

Where, it may be asked, does this reasoning lead? If the plain man cannot trust either the journalist or ordinary opinion, where is he to look for guidance? We have no new-fangled criterion of truth, yet help of a sort is not out of reach. It would be advisable for the majority of us to form our likes and dislikes according to the method suggested by Joubert. "It is not well for us," he says, somewhere or other, "to differ with the saints about religion, or with the men of affairs about practical matters." In fact, we had better put our trust in authority than in the journalist or the populace. When we want to know, therefore, whether a man was or was not a great statesman, we will go, not to the journalist with his ignorant praise and his ignorant blame, but we will listen and lay to heart whatever is said of him by another statesman. Accordingly, when the *Times* tells us, as it told us in its leader of Tuesday last, that Lord Randolph Churchill was not a great statesman, we can count the verdict as worthless, for the Duke of Devonshire has declared that Lord Randolph Churchill was a great statesman, and on this matter, at least, his words are of high authority, and may be taken to stand for things.

THE belief is widespread that Mr. Asquith and Mr. Morley are Lord Rosebery's chief advisers. When he is not asking the advice of the one, he is deliberating with the other; and if his opinions one day do not coincide with his opinions a week later, the divergence has been ascribed to this change in counsellors. This, we believe, is not correct; the great twin brethren speak with one voice. Was it not Mr. Morley who induced Mr. Asquith to declare against a second Chamber? And now Mr. Morley repays the compliment, by asserting that he "absolutely subscribes to all that Mr. Asquith has said about the House of Lords to-night and on every occasion." Lord Rosebery's abrupt changes of front must be attributed to the fact that, when advised by Mr. Asquith or Mr. Morley, he speaks like a Radical boldly, and when left to his own inspirations he whispers the meek compromises characteristic of an amiable second-rate Whig.

It must be admitted that every speech he makes puts Mr. Asquith in a better position. The speech he delivered at Newcastle last Wednesday is no exception to the rule. After coquetting with inanities—he talked about making "the House of Commons the true and authentic organ of the voice of the people," and of "the splendid tradition" which leads us to welcome foreign paupers—he managed to say something new about the House of Lords. "The notion that we live under a system of Government with two Chambers is one of the greatest illusions that ever entered a man's mind. What is the truth? The truth is that, in alternate periods, which may roughly be mentioned as periods of five years, we live first under an unchecked and uncontrolled domination of the House of Commons, and then under the co-ordinate and perpetual and irresponsible interference and obstruction of the House of Lords." The point is a fair one, and Mr. Asquith laboured it. The question, he said, is not as to the abstract merits of Government by one Chamber or by two, for we have got "a system which combines the worst evils of both, the unchecked domination of a single Chamber at one moment, and the practically uncontrolled and paramount ascendancy of a second and unrepresented Chamber at another." It may be true that the dice are loaded in this country against the party of innovation; but is not that in accordance with the will, the deeper instincts of the people? Were it not so, Englishmen would not allow the path of their desires to be barred by a mediæval wall. We are afraid Mr. Asquith must wait. "Government of the people by the people," he says, "is the safest and the wisest form of Government"; but we believe that popular Government is on its trial, and that the results it has so far given, not only in France but in America and in our colonies, constitute a warning.

Mr. Morley is becoming a good platform-speaker, we are told, and we can well believe it. He indulges in fewer of the copybook headlines which used to pass with his admirers for philosophical *aperçus*. What would his favourite Vauvenargues think of the mouth-filling platitude with which he charmed himself at Newcastle? "To be put out of office," he declared, "does not ruin a party or a man. What ruins a party is shallow and inconsistent convictions!" But Mr. Morley playing Demagogue overacts the part. The "intolerable evil of the present authority of the House of Lords," he declared, had been discussed without undue and unnecessary heat; and he adds, in true Cassius fashion, "When a little heat becomes necessary the electors of Newcastle and I will have some opportunity of saying something on the subject."

Mr. Morley is much better worth listening to when he tells us that agrarian crime in Ireland in 1894 has sunk to the lowest figure it has reached since 1876. This may or may not be taken to prove that coercion is unnecessary; we contend that it merely shows that the Irish representatives have a good deal of influence over the passions of their countrymen. But Mr. Morley's only real point was made when he predicted that his new Land Bill would unite in its support 92 or 93 per cent of all the Irish representatives. If that should be the case—if more than half the Ulstermen vote with the followers of Mr. McCarthy, Mr. Redmond, and Mr. Healy—we

venture to predict that Mr. Morley will not find the House of Lords standing in his way.

In any case the session promises to be an interesting one. Lord Rosebery seems to be pinning his faith on such an array of promises and baits as has never been heard of before. His friends, too, have more than once yielded him but half-hearted support. Still, we suppose, he hopes for success. Yet no one who knows the House of Commons can doubt that, if the Conservatives attack boldly and repeatedly under able leading, they cannot fail to force a dissolution on the old register; and, without believing with the *Times* that in all events they stand to win sixteen seats north of the Tweed, we may reckon confidently enough upon a sufficient Conservative majority to preserve the Union intact for the next five or six years. This happy consummation will probably be due—such is the perfection of popular Government—to the circumstance that Lord Tweedmouth was ill-advised enough to offer cheques as in the good old days to Irish members, and that the fact that this offer had been made found its way into the public prints.

THE OUTLOOK IN FRANCE.

THE latest Ministry with which France has been provided by her politicians does not invite strenuous comment, either at home or abroad. The most that its partisans seem to hope for it is that it may succeed in clinging to office until the now much belated Budget has been passed. This question of the Budget is, indeed, one of such urgency, that both the President and the Ministry are willing to go to great lengths of conciliation in order to obtain a parliamentary truce of sufficient duration for its settlement. To this end all the disciplinary measures employed under previous administrations against contumacious priests have been set aside, and the salaries of the offending clergymen restored. The considerable number of agitators who were in prison for verbal or printed attacks upon public men, from the President of the Republic downward, have been released. Under the terms of the Act of Amnesty, M. Rochefort has returned to his beloved Paris, and Count Dillon is equally free to come back from wherever he has been spending his term of exile. A sponge has been wiped alike over the Boulangist conspiracy and the savage personal vilifications of M. Casimir-Perier. These concessions may serve the purpose aimed at, which is to wheedle the Chamber into passing the Budget. If they fail, other sops to the factions in opposition will be forthcoming.

But after the necessary supplies have been voted, what then? The action of the Chamber of Deputies in repudiating a *Conseil d'État* decision, and ordering an inquiry into the Midi-Orleans railways scandal of 1883, stands like a rock in the path of further parliamentary progress. That action did much more than overthrow the Dupuy Cabinet and precipitate the retirement of M. Casimir-Perier; it fastened the attention of France upon an issue which, taken in all its aspects, is more important than all the other questions in French politics combined. Even considered alone, this matter of the questionable railway conventions involves the taxpayers of the Republic to the extent of sixty millions sterling. But in the public mind it figures as only one stone in a broad mosaic of political corruption, the steadily expanding dimensions of which may well frighten an honest and frugal people. It happens that at the moment there are only six members of the Legion of Honour in the Mazas prison awaiting their trial for blackmailing; but the newspapers of Paris freely mention the names of as many more who are to join them when M. Lanessan, the dismissed Governor of French Indo-China, arrives in France with the terrible *dossiers* he is credited with possessing. It is well understood that the warrants for the arrest of a number of Deputies are in the hands of the authorities, and are only withheld temporarily for motives of policy. The one public man in France who has escaped suspicion, amid this almost universal epidemic of distrust, is made conspicuous by that fact alone. This was M. Ribot's fortunate position when he accepted and accomplished the task of forming a Ministry. If there were other phases of his character which divided Republican opinion, at least it was admitted that his personal honour stood

unquestioned. Now even M. Ribot is called upon to meet the definite charge of the *Figaro*, made and reiterated with an air of authority, that when he was Minister of Foreign Affairs he secured the payment of thirty thousand francs from the Comptoir d'Escompte to M. Portalis, as hush-money to stop the latter's attack upon Portuguese Funds. This Portalis is in prison, and the *Figaro* alleges that these facts were divulged during the secret examination of witnesses which followed his arrest. The suggestion here, that the Government is in possession of serious charges against a statesman which have been suppressed deliberately, in order to allow that statesman to become Prime Minister, may very likely do M. Ribot a gross injustice. But unhappily it is only too apparent that in many other cases the Ministry of Justice is shielding politicians who are guilty, and who escape exposure and punishment only because they are useful to the Government, and might involve others in their fall.

The Chamber of Deputies, by its vote upon the railway conventions, declared that its paramount duty was to save the State from these robber politicians, even if the Constitution had to be ignored or overridden to do it. The majority which committed the lower house to this declaration was composed of Radicals and Socialists. The combination of these two forces on that eventful occasion was more or less accidental. But everything which has happened since has tended to make the alliance natural and obvious henceforth. The circumstances under which the recent Congress at Versailles was so hurriedly convened, and so nearly captured by the reactionary elements in French politics, forced the Socialists to vote solidly for the Radical candidate, M. Brisson. That experience alone materially alters their position toward him as President of the Chamber. They have given hostages, as it were, for civil behaviour to him in the chair, and for a temperate consideration of his views as a party leader. Upon the great question of rescuing France from the blackmailers and bribe-takers, they are in complete accord with him. As a mere matter of expediency, the Socialist managers could lose nothing and might gain very much by subordinating all the specific demands of their party programme for the time being to the solitary object of cleansing French public life. The Radicals could escape many troublesome problems of constructive legislation by also keeping this single and supreme object in view.

The probabilities, then, point to a working combination-majority in the Chamber of Radicals and Socialists, which may possibly refrain from action during the Budget debates, but will hold the subsequent history of the session, and of parliament itself, in its hands. The formula which this majority has already adopted, in an order of the day, is "the rights of the State." To vindicate these "rights," the Chamber must range itself in antagonism to the Cabinet, the Senate, the Council of State, and the President, all of whom are creations of the existing order of things, types of the *laissez-faire* system of *bourgeois* government under which the moral tone of the Republic has been abased and its political fibre rotted. Almost any conceivable survey of the prospect takes M. Ribot's speedy disappearance for granted, and no one is venturesome enough to predict the order of succession to his thankless honours. The amiable M. Faure will send for anybody who seems likeliest to cajole or bribe the Chamber into a passing mood of assent. Ministries may come and go, but the Chamber remains, and with each fresh assertion of its power will come, in the nature of things, an increased temptation to save France in its own way and upon its own responsibility. France has had many "saviours" in her time, but the one she recalls with the most sinister memories is the Convention.

BRITISH SHIPBUILDING IN 1894.

LOYD'S Register of British and Foreign Shipping for 1894 affords gratifying witness to a revival of trade, for shipbuilding is in itself not only one of the most important branches of English industry, but it also is of necessity a correct index to the state of trade in general. The output of the shipbuilding yards in the United Kingdom in 1894 exceeds that of 1893 by more than 210,000 tons, and the proportion of steam tonnage

to the total tonnage launched is larger than ever before. We have not, it is true, yet reached the production of 1889, which was $12\frac{1}{2}$ per cent greater than of 1894, but last year was the best of the last five years. The fact of our maritime supremacy is brought out clearly by these tables. Six hundred and fourteen merchant vessels of a gross tonnage well exceeding 1,000,000 were built last year in the United Kingdom, against 318 vessels with a gross tonnage of 270,000 built in the Colonies and foreign countries put together. Strange to say, Germany comes next to us on the list, with 74 ships of 116,000 gross tonnage; whereas the United States produced only 21 ships of 50,000 gross tonnage, of which 20,000 tons were intended exclusively for traffic on the Great Lakes. This superiority of Germany over the United States is emphasized by the fact that 14 vessels of 41,000 tons have been produced in the United Kingdom on orders from Germany. The proportion of steam tonnage to sailing grows larger and larger. We count 834,000 steam tons produced last year in the United Kingdom against 74,000 sailing tons.

As regards the material employed for the construction of the vessels included in the United Kingdom returns for 1894, it is found that of the steam tonnage 98.6 per cent has been built of steel, and 1.2 per cent of iron, and of the sailing tonnage 97.9 per cent has been built of steel, and .5 per cent of iron.

The wreck returns for the last twelve months are melancholy reading; the losses of United Kingdom vessels amounting to 264,000 tons. The loss of life is not even approximately gauged, but if we only reckon one hand to 50 tons, 5000 lives must have been endangered, of which probably something like 1000 must have been lost.

We cannot but notice particularly the warships launched in the United Kingdom in royal and private yards during the last three years. Twenty-two vessels, of 137,000 tons, were launched in 1892; 16 vessels, of 40,000 tons, were launched in 1893; and 29 vessels, including 6 torpedo boats, of only 32,000 tons, were launched in 1894. It appears from these figures that if the Radical Government were not held to the fulfilment of their promises in regard to the navy, our supremacy would soon be a thing of the past. For in the course of the last twelve months France launched men-of-war with an aggregate displacement of 28,690 tons and Russia warships with a displacement of 34,850 tons: that is, France and Russia between them nearly doubled our outputs. Now that public opinion, however, is roused on the subject, we may expect that Sir W. Vernon Harcourt and his friends will do what is required of them.

THE TURK AGAIN!

THE Turkish authorities have given the world another example of their exceeding puerility, if, indeed, of nothing worse. Last Saturday week, according to a Reuter's telegram, an Armenian in the employ of the British Post Office at Constantinople was conveying a mail-bag from that office to the steamer bound for Smyrna, when he was arrested by the Turkish police, who, after depriving him of the mail-bag and the money which he carried, proceeded to ill-treat him brutally. On the British postmaster's protesting personally against this conduct, he, too, was arrested and subjected to great indignity. It was only on the intervention of the British Consulate that the prisoners were released, and their property (including the mail-bag) restored to them. A later telegram told us that the British Ambassador had obtained a letter of apology from the Porte, and that the mail-porter's arrest was due to his having tendered bad money in payment of the bridge-toll. Now the toll is the Turkish equivalent of one half-penny, and we have yet to see a more valueless or more disreputable-looking coin than the Turkish halfpenny. Clearly one must look a little further for the motive of the whole proceeding. This, if we are not much mistaken, was characteristically contemptible. It is, of course, notorious that the Turkish Post Office is nothing better than a den of thieves, and that the bulk of the postal business of Turkey is divided among half-a-dozen alien offices, which are maintained by their respective countries at Constantinople, as well as many other towns under Ottoman rule, in order to protect official despatches

and the correspondence of foreign residents from violation. Humiliating as the situation is, the Turks have no choice but to accept it, since they are either unwilling or unable to reform their own service. But they even lack the sense to submit with a good grace, and so they behave like spiteful schoolboys. It has recently been found desirable to remove the British Post Office at Galata to a more convenient situation, and the removal was carried out about a fortnight ago. It may be presumed that the Ottoman authorities deemed it necessary to indicate their disapproval of this step; and the outrage upon this poor Armenian porter, and afterwards upon his chief, doubtless seemed to the Turkish official mind a fitting method of vindicating the dignity of the Sublime Porte. It is a matter of common knowledge in the East that the only way to deal with a Turkish official in such cases is to kick him. Sir Philip Currie has been long enough at Constantinople to have ascertained this fact. He knows, too, that a mere "apology" costs the Turks nothing, and that the only way of punishing them for such unwarrantable insults, and of preventing their repetition, is to insist upon full and *immediate* pecuniary reparation.

THE TEACHING UNIVERSITY FOR LONDON.

THE project for a Teaching University in London is progressing. Last week three deputations waited on Lord Rosebery. The first, introduced by Professor Huxley and supported by representatives from all the chief teaching institutes in London, announced that they had accepted the recommendations of the Gresham Commission, and pleaded for the appointment of a Statutory Commission to frame statutes in general accordance with these recommendations. They were opposed by a second deputation, introduced by Mr. Fletcher Moulton, which protested against the acceptance of these recommendations on the ground that if they were adopted, the very existence of the London University as "a unique examining board would be imperilled." Dr. Collins, as representing the Gresham Amendment Scheme Committee, introduced the third deputation. Their objections were based on the fact that the scheme of the Commissioners would, if unmodified, imperil the work which the existing University was doing, and would, moreover, give an advantage to the collegiate over the non-collegiate students in the examinations. Lord Rosebery's replies showed plainly with which of these deputations his sympathy lay, and it is certainly a subject for congratulation that the parties represented by Mr. Fletcher Moulton and Dr. Collins are predestined to defeat.

There can, in truth, be no paltering or compromise in this matter. What London needs London must have, by the formation of one great organic institution—the University of London—through the co-operation of the various establishments for learning, teaching, and examining, which at present coexist independently in the Metropolis. And something more—radical reform in all branches of teaching, except science and mathematics, should be secured only by State regulation and State supervision. We are the only nation in Europe in which the direction of higher education is entrusted, or practically entrusted, implicitly to academic bodies—the only nation in which educational institutes are allowed to be autonomous. What has been the result? Many years ago F. D. Maurice thus wrote of the London University: "It is a mere bankrupt stock company. I think the experiment will have been useful in bringing out the idea of a university, and showing that one cannot be created by drawing together a troop of professors and appointing a set of studies uncemented by any principle and tending to no object." His prophecy has been fulfilled to the letter. The present examinations of the University of London have resulted in the substitution of a vulgar traffic in degrees and a monstrous system of pure cram for liberal instruction and culture. A gaunt solitude in Gower Street, with enormous endowments, contributing nothing to research, nothing to learning, and practically nothing to education, except in relation to science, represents the "teaching" or collegiate side of that University. A similar institution in the Strand has just saved itself from perishing of inanition by deserting its principles and allying itself with the Gresham Commis-

sion party. Meanwhile the "academic" work of London is done in Wych Street. A society whose pupils have practically, so far as London is concerned, a monopoly in the degrees of the University, is obliged to make up through advertisements what it lacks in endowment. Its triumphs are trumpeted in the public prints; its addresses and its provisions are circulated in handbills, flaunted in placards and posters on the walls of our railway stations, and slowly perambulate the streets on the backs of sandwich-men. In fact, "Preparation for the London Degree of B.A. or M.A., Honour or Pass," is as familiar to the eye of the Londoner as Pears' Soap or Beecham's Pills.

It would be interesting to know what a German or French Minister of Education would think of all this. Of one thing we are very certain, that such a state of things is an intolerable national disgrace, and that to protest, as Mr. Fletcher Moulton has done, against "imperilling the existence" of a Board which is mainly responsible for all that has been described is ludicrous in the extreme. It is no defence to say that it was impossible for the Board to obviate this evil, or for King's College and University College to protect themselves from rivals of this kind. No such abuses as these could befall any system of education which proceeded on a right theory and was entrusted to competent hands. The examinations of the London University are framed on the assumption that it is the object of education not to cultivate but simply to plant, not to inspire but simply to instruct. They offer no encouragement to liberal study, they apply no tests but positive tests. The educational value of any given subject is estimated in proportion to the facility with which it can be stereotyped into a mechanical system of teaching and a mechanical system of examining. The teaching staff of University and King's Colleges formerly comprised men distinguished alike in the lecture-room and in the world. Gradually, however, an academic clique acquired the ascendancy, and men like Brewer and Maurice, Beaseley and Lonsdale, found successors in teachers who, so far from counteracting the baleful influence of the system to which we have referred, have assisted and confirmed it. There is, however, some consolation in thinking that, partly owing to that "unique examining board" whose existence Mr. Moulton is so fearful of imperilling, and that "work of the existing institutions" which one of his colleagues seems equally apprehensive of injuring, the academic system of London has arrived at the *reductio ad absurdum*. The only danger to be feared is that academic influence may preponderate in the councils of the new University, and that the regulations of its studies on the liberal side may practically be determined by those who are responsible for the present anarchy. We trust, however, that a time is at hand when our Government, like other Governments, will come to understand that nothing can be of more importance to a State than the education of its citizens, and that the regulation of the studies of the University will not, as at present seems probable, be entrusted to men whose incompetence and inefficiency have already had such disastrous effects. Elementary education is very properly placed under the supervision of Government, and there is surely no reason why it should not exercise the same supervision over higher education, especially in a University which can in no way be analogous to Oxford and Cambridge, but must be more or less of a State institution.

POOR SHAKESPEARE !

"All's Well that Ends Well." Performance by the Irving Dramatic Club at St. George's Hall, 22 and 24 January, 1895.

WHAT a pity it is that the people who love the sound of Shakespeare so seldom go on the stage ! The ear is the sure clue to him : only a musician can understand the play of feeling which is the real rarity in his early plays. In a deaf nation these plays would have died long ago. The moral attitude in them is conventional and secondhand : the borrowed ideas, however finely expressed, have not the overpowering human interest of those original criticisms of life which supply the rhetorical element in his later works. Even the

individualization which produces that old-established British speciality, the Shakespearian "delineation of character," owes all its magic to the turn of the line, which lets you into the secret of its utterer's mood and temperament, not by its commonplace meaning, but by some subtle exaltation, or stultification, or slyness, or delicacy, or hesitancy, or what not in the sound of it. In short, it is the score and not the libretto that keeps the work alive and fresh ; and this is why only musical critics should be allowed to meddle with Shakespeare—especially early Shakespeare. Unhappily, though the nation still retains its ears, the players and playgoers of this generation are for the most part deaf as adders. Their appreciation of Shakespeare is sheer hypocrisy, the proof being that where an early play of his is revived, they take the utmost pains to suppress as much of it as possible, and disguise the rest past recognition, relying for success on extraordinary scenic attractions ; on very popular performers, including, if possible, a famously beautiful actress in the leading part ; and, above all, on Shakespeare's reputation and the consequent submission of the British public to be mercilessly bored by each of his plays once in their lives, for the sake of being able to say they have seen it. And not a soul has the hardihood to yawn in the face of the imposture. The manager is praised ; the bard is praised ; the beautiful actress is praised ; and the free list comes early and comes often, not without a distinct sense of conferring a handsome compliment on the acting manager. And it certainly is hard to face such a disappointment without being paid for it. For the more enchanting the play is at home by the fireside in winter, or out on the heather of a summer evening—the more the manager, in his efforts to realize this enchantment by reckless expenditure on incidental music, coloured lights, dances, dresses, and elaborate rearrangements and dislocations of the play—the more, in fact, he departs from the old platform with its curtains and its placards inscribed "A street in Mantua," and so forth, the more hopelessly and vulgarly does he miss his mark. Such crown jewels of dramatic poetry as "Twelfth Night" and "A Midsummer Night's Dream," fade into shabby coloured glass in his purse ; and sincere people who do not know what the matter is, begin to babble insufferably about plays that are meant for the study and not for the stage.

Yet once in a blue moon or so there wanders on to the stage some happy fair whose eyes are lode-stars and whose tongue's sweet air's more tunable than lark to shepherd's ear. And the moment she strikes up the true Shakespearian music, and feels her way to her part altogether by her sense of that music, the play returns to life and all the magic is there. She may make nonsense of the verses by wrong conjunctions and misplaced commas, which show that she has never worked out the logical construction of a single sentence in her part ; but if her heart is in the song, the protesting commentator-critic may save his breath to cool his porridge : the soul of the play is there, no matter where the sense of it may be. We have all heard Miss Rehan perform this miracle with "Twelfth Night," and turn it, in spite of the impossible Mr. Daly, from a hopelessly ineffective actress show into something like the exquisite poem its author left it. All I can remember of the last performance I witnessed of "A Midsummer Night's Dream" is that Miss Kate Rorke got on the stage somehow and began to make some music with Helena's lines, with the result that Shakespeare, who had up to that moment lain without sense or motion, immediately began to stir uneasily and show signs of quickening, which lasted until the others took up the word and struck him dead.

Powerful among the enemies of Shakespeare are the commentator and the elocutionist : the commentator because, not knowing Shakespeare's language, he sharpens his reasoning faculty to examine propositions advanced by an eminent lecturer from the Midlands, instead of sensitizing his artistic faculty to receive the impression of moods and inflexions of feeling conveyed by word-music ; the elocutionist because he is a born fool, in which capacity, observing with pain that poets have a weakness for imparting to their dramatic dialogue a quality which he describes and deplores as "sing-song," he devotes his life to the art of breaking up verse

in such a way as to make it sound like insanely pompous prose. The effect of this on Shakespeare's earlier verse, which is full of the naïve delight of pure oscillation, to be enjoyed as an Italian enjoys a barcarolle, or a child a swing, or a baby a rocking-cradle, is destructively stupid. In the later plays, where the barcarolle measure has evolved into much more varied and complex rhythms, it does not matter so much, since the work is no longer simple enough for a fool to pick to pieces. But in every play from "Love's Labour's Lost" to "Henry V.," the elocutionist meddles simply as a murderer, and ought to be dealt with as such without benefit of clergy. To our young people studying for the stage I say, with all solemnity, learn how to pronounce the English alphabet clearly and beautifully from some person who is at once an artist and a phonetic expert. And then leave blank verse patiently alone until you have experienced emotion deep enough to crave for poetic expression, at which point verse will seem an absolutely natural and real form of speech to you. Meanwhile, if any pedant, with an uncultivated heart and a theoretic ear, proposes to teach you to recite, send instantly for the police.

Among Shakespeare's earlier plays, "All's Well that Ends Well" stands out artistically by the sovereign charm of the young Helena and the old Countess of Rousillon, and intellectually by the experiment, repeated nearly three hundred years later in "A Doll's House," of making the hero a perfectly ordinary young man, whose unimaginative prejudices and selfish conventionality make him cut a very mean figure in the atmosphere created by the nobler nature of his wife. That is what gives a certain plausibility to the otherwise doubtful tradition that Shakespeare did not succeed in getting his play produced (founded on the absence of any record of a performance of it during his lifetime). It certainly explains why Phelps, the only modern actor-manager tempted by it, was attracted by the part of Parolles, a capital study of the adventurous yarn-spinning society-struck coward, who also crops up again in modern fiction as the hero of Charles Lever's underrated novel, "A Day's Ride: a Life's Romance." When I saw "All's Well" announced for performance by the Irving Dramatic Club, I was highly interested, especially as the performers were free, for once, to play Shakespeare for Shakespeare's sake. Alas! at this amateur performance, at which there need have been none of the miserable commercialization compulsory at the regular theatres, I suffered all the vulgarity and absurdity of that commercialism without its efficiency. We all know the stock objection of the Brixton Family Shakespeare to "All's Well"—that the heroine is a lady doctor, and that no lady of any delicacy could possibly adopt a profession which involves the possibility of her having to attend cases such as that of the king in this play, who suffers from a fistula. How any sensible and humane person can have ever read this sort of thing without a deep sense of its insult to every charitable woman's humanity and every sick man's suffering is, fortunately, getting harder to understand nowadays than it once was. Nevertheless "All's Well" was minced with strict deference to it for the members of the Irving Dramatic Club. The rule for expurgation was to omit everything that the most pestiferously prurient person could find improper. For example, when the non-commissioned officer, with quite becoming earnestness and force, says to the disgraced Parolles: "If you could find out a country where but women were that had received so much shame, you might begin an impudent nation," the speech was suppressed as if it were on all fours with the obsolete Elizabethan badinage which is and should be cut out as a matter of course. And to save Helena from anything so shocking as a reference to her virginity, she was robbed of that rapturous outburst beginning

"There shall your master have a thousand loves—
A mother and a mistress and a friend," &c.

But perhaps this was sacrificed in deference to the opinion of the editor of those pretty and handy little books called the Temple Shakespeare, who compares the passage to "the nonsense of some foolish conceited player"—a criticism which only a commentator could hope to live down.

The play was, of course, pulled to pieces in order that some bad scenery, totally unconnected with Florence

or Rousillon, might destroy all the illusion which the simple stage directions in the book create, and which they would equally have created had they been printed on a placard and hung up on a curtain. The passage of the Florentine army beneath the walls of the city was managed in the manner of the end of the first act of Robertson's "Ours," the widow and the girls looking out of their sitting-room window, whilst a few of the band gave a precarious selection from the orchestral parts of Berlioz's version of the Rackoczy March. The dresses were the usual fancy ball odds and ends, Helena especially distinguishing herself by playing the first scene partly in the costume of Hamlet and partly in that of a waitress in an Aerated Bread shop, set off by a monstrous auburn wig which could by no stretch of imagination be taken for her own hair. Briefly, the whole play was vivisected, and the fragments mutilated, for the sake of accessories which were in every particular silly and ridiculous. If they were meant to heighten the illusion, they were worse than failures, since they rendered illusion almost impossible. If they were intended as illustrations of place and period, they were ignorant impostures. I have seen poetic plays performed without costumes before a pair of curtains by ladies and gentlemen in evening dress with twenty times the effect: nay, I will pledge my reputation that if the members of the Irving Dramatic Club will take their books in their hands, sit in a Christy Minstrel semicircle, and read the play decently as it was written, the result will be a vast improvement on this St. George's Hall travesty.

Perhaps it would not be altogether kind to leave these misguided but no doubt well-intentioned ladies and gentlemen without a word of appreciation from their own point of view. Only, there is not much to be said for them even from that point of view. Few living actresses could throw themselves into the sustained transport of exquisite tenderness and impulsive courage which makes poetry the natural speech of Helena. The cool young woman, with a superior understanding, excellent manners, and a habit of reciting Shakespeare, presented before us by Miss Olive Kennett, could not conceivably have been even Helena's thirty-second cousin. Miss Lena Heinekey, with the most beautiful old woman's part ever written in her hands, discovered none of its wonderfully pleasant good sense, humanity, and originality: she grieved staggily all through in the manner of the Duchess of York in Cibber's "Richard III." Mr. Lewin-Manning did not for any instant make it possible to believe that Parolles was a real person to him. They all insisted on calling him *parole*, instead of Parolles, in three syllables, with the *s* sounded at the end, as Shakespeare intended: consequently, when he came to the couplet which cannot be negotiated on any other terms:

"Rust, sword; cool, blushes; and, Parolles, thrive;
There's place and means for every man alive,"

he made a desperate effort to get even with it by saying:

"Rust, rapier; cool, blushes; and, *parole*, thrive," and seemed quite disconcerted when he found that it would not do. Lafeu is hardly a part that can be acted: it comes right if the right man is available: if not, no acting can conceal the makeshift. Mr. Herbert Everitt was not the right man; but he made the best of it. The clown was evidently willing to relish his own humour if only he could have seen it; but there are few actors who would not have gone that far. Bertram (Mr. Patrick Munro), if not the most intelligent of Bertrams, played the love scene with Diana with some passion. The rest of the parts, not being character studies, are tolerably straightforward and easy of execution; and they were creditably played, the king (Mr. Ernest Meads) carrying off the honours, and Diana (Mrs. Herbert Morris) acquitting herself with comparative distinction. But I should not like to see another such performance of "All's Well" or any other play that is equally rooted in my deeper affections. G. B. S.

THE ANTI-TOXIN BOOM.

TO judge from the assiduity with which the leading London papers have puffed the alleged anti-toxin cure for diphtheria, it would seem that the medical profession has at length discovered how sweet are the uses of advertisement. It is a pity, however, that the English

press should continue to be made the catspaw of a gang of foreign medical adventurers, and this consideration has induced us to set before them and the public at large a few facts concerning the statistics of diphtheria and the pretensions of these gentlemen. For the benefit of unscientific readers let us explain that certain micro-organisms are found in cases of diphtheria in the throat deposit. One of these, a minute rod, was declared by Löffler to be the exciting cause of the disease. Dr. Behring, who was for a time partner in the research, claimed to have discovered that a cultivation of these bacilli was sterilized by the serum taken from the blood of horses and other mammals which had previously been repeatedly infected with the diphtheria bacillus. He therefore concluded that a patient suffering from diphtheria would be cured through inoculation with the serum. This conclusion has been accepted and recently acted upon by the hero of the hour, Dr. Pierre Paul Emile Roux.

By the practical application of these discoveries and the inoculation of patients suffering from diphtheria with the horse-serum, Dr. Roux claims to have reduced the mortality from this disease in the Paris hospital to which he is attached from 51 per cent to 26 per cent. He has since declared the present rate of mortality to be only 24 per cent, but his figures work out at 2 per cent higher. As to the former death-rate, 51 per cent, Dr. Roux has as yet given no evidence of its accuracy. Assuming, however, that these figures are correct, and that they apply to patients of all ages up to twenty years, Dr. Roux has still a slightly higher death-rate than that which existed in the hospitals of the Metropolitan Asylums Board in England during 1893, which was only 23½ per cent for all patients up to twenty years without the use of the anti-toxin remedy or any such system of treatment. But the experience in London of the same year shows that the mortality from diphtheria of patients under one year was 69 per cent, whereas in patients between the ages of ten and fifteen years it was only 10½ per cent. It is evident, therefore, that age incidence is a determining factor in comparing the statistics and in deciding the value of any cure. On this vitally important point, however, Dr. Roux is absolutely silent. He does not inform us, when quoting the rated mortality anterior to his experiments, what were the ages of the patients. If under one year (and Dr. Roux is attached to a children's hospital) 51 per cent is a very low death-rate compared to our 69 per cent for the same age. On the other hand, if the patients averaged between ten and fifteen years, it was scandalously high. We are equally in the dark as to the ages of the patients treated with the serum. Dr. Roux supplies no particulars whatever as to the ages of the patients who died after inoculation, and up to the present his example of extremely unscientific reticence has been followed by the large majority of his professional brethren who claim to have used the serum with success, as well as by the Metropolitan Asylums Board, who refused only a few days ago to make a systematic record of the diphtheria cases treated in their own hospitals. In December 1894, the three doctors who experimented on eighty-two diphtheria patients in one of the Metropolitan Asylums Board Hospitals, stated all the patients to have been under fifteen years. Unfortunately, however, this statement will only appear valuable to the general public, who are absolutely ignorant of the statistics of the question. To the scientific section it is worthless, since under fifteen years the ordinary death-rate may be either 69 per cent or 10½ per cent. Can it be that these reticent practitioners are also among the ignorant, or are they wilfully throwing dust in the eyes of the easily blinded British public? Even that faithful organ of inoculation, the *British Medical Journal*, after having raved about the anti-toxin cure to the extent of declaring that its efficacy in cases of diphtheria "could be no longer doubted," has now calmed down sufficiently to urge upon its professional readers the necessity of sorting out the cases "in a very thorough manner according to their ages."

Another point upon which we are waiting to be enlightened touches the selection of patients for inoculation out of the mass of those suffering from diphtheria. For aught we have been told to the contrary, this selection is entirely arbitrary. In Dr. Roux's report he

quotes 448 as the number of children inoculated suffering from "simple angina, or angina complicated with laryngitis or croup." From this aggregate he subtracts 128 children who were "not suffering from diphtheria," and twenty others alleged to be "dying when admitted." Out of the remainder he gets his 24 per cent or 26 per cent. We have, of course, no means of verifying these assertions; but, granted that they are correct, are we to assume that all the children who were cured would have died if they had not been inoculated with the serum? If moribund patients are to be excluded from the treatment, they obviously go when dead to swell the death-rate of the uninoculated, and consequently to reduce the death-rate of those who have been experimented upon. Nor is that all. Dr. Roux has since stated that persons who have slight affections of the throat should at once place themselves under inoculation. This piece of advice will obviously tend to fill the hospitals with mild cases of diphtheria, or with patients who have not got diphtheria at all. In the early stages of throat disease it is extremely difficult to detect diphtheria from comparatively innocuous affections of the larynx and tonsils. Within the experience of the present writer during the recent epidemic of diphtheria in London, several cases that had been treated as diphtheria subsequently proved to be acute tonsillitis.

This difficulty of diagnosis is increased by the fact that Löffler's bacillus, though alleged by these experimenters to be the actual cause of disease, is absent from 30 per cent of proved diphtheria cases. Further, this bacillus is discovered in patients suffering from various other diseases, and has even been found in the mouths of quite healthy persons. This fact alone seems to us to strike at the very root of the supposed anti-toxin cure, for if the serum accomplishes nothing but the destruction of Löffler's bacillus, it follows that in thirty cases out of every hundred it is necessarily ineffectual, even if it is infallible in the remaining seventy cases. And when we remember that the odds in favour of any patient's recovery is in the proportion of three to one without the intervention of Dr. Roux's specific, is it worth while running the risk of having the virus of any other loathsome disease introduced into the system—a danger candidly admitted by such great medical authorities as Professors Virchow and Hausemann—on the chance of curing an attack of diphtheria which is not likely to prove fatal if subjected to ordinary treatment?

As far, however, as Dr. Roux and his associates are concerned, the anti-toxin boom is no doubt worth much. Since the English press has lent itself with such *naïveté* to the designs of these prospectors in pathology, and a surgeon of eminence has started a fund to purchase a supply of their nostrum, a French agent has appeared in this country with the object of taking out a patent for the anti-toxin serum. We see by the newspaper acknowledgments that Sir Joseph Lister's appeal has already been answered to the extent of several hundred pounds; but unless the patentees come down in their prices, the subscription list will not procure the blessings of inoculation for many sufferers. The price of an adult dose is now 24s., which would work out at about £200 a pint, or about 1000 per cent profit on the cost of production. There are apparently less lucrative trades than the cure of corruption by corruption.

To sum up the whole matter: we have said enough to prove that the alleged "exceptional services to science and humanity," for which Dr. Roux has been created a Commander of the Legion of Honour by his grateful countrymen, are as yet not proven, and there is no reason to suppose that when the medical and the lay press realize that they have been made tools of to swell the proceeds of foreign quackery, the anti-toxin cure will escape the discredit that overwhelmed the Koch consumption cure, Dr. Ferron's cholera inoculations in Spain, the Haffkine method of dealing with this disease in India, or the abominations promoted by that prince of charlatans, Dr. Brown-Sequard. Where are these "exceptional services to science and humanity" now? There is not, we maintain, a shadow of proof that the anti-toxin treatment is any worthier of the hysterical enthusiasm of the press, or the money subscribed for its adoption by an ignorant and gullible public. We have dealt with this question purely on scientific

grounds. Much might indeed be said against its use from the standpoint of the humanitarian. That case we leave others to fight. We prefer to be scientific, not humanitarian, because, if this monstrous piece of quackery is to be exposed in this country, it is the medical men who must do it if they would maintain their reputation for science and sanity alike. In justice to the great body of English physicians it must be said that they are actuated by motives of unquestionable integrity and earnest philanthropy. But there is a small clique of mushroom specialists who never lose a chance of self-advertisement, and whose energies are devoted to booming any remedy that will give them a chance of conducting experiments and securing the notoriety that generally results therefrom. Now at last these medicine-men and their inoculation fads have exhausted our patience.

REFLECTIONS IN A PICTURE GALLERY.

LIVING as we do in a time when painting has declined almost beyond recognition, it becomes of special interest for us to note that when the art was at its height, even inferior men—men whose talent was plainly derivative—produced occasionally beautiful pictures: pictures that we know are not works of genius—they affirm no new manner of feeling or seeing—yet pictures that are a pure delight to look upon.

In modern times we find some genius, not the expansive, natural, almost unconscious genius of Tintoretto, Veronese, Titian, Rubens, or Rembrandt, but men who do exquisite things from a single model. With the exception of these little geniuses, modern art is abomination. How beautiful ancient art was even in its purlieus, every Exhibition of Old Masters affords proof. Our eyes are attracted by pictures, beautiful pictures, but anonymous in our minds, for no names suggest themselves, and when, in our perplexity, we refer to the catalogue, we are startled by unknown names and strange collocations of syllables. To whom, for instance, except to the student of Venetian art does the name Andrea Schiavone convey an æsthetic idea? Yet notwithstanding the Rembrandts, the Velasquezes, the Rubens', the Reynolds', the Gainsboroughs, notwithstanding all the masterpieces that crowd the walls of Burlington House, "Charity" (163), by Andrea Schiavone, is what we most intimately remember; amid the glory of a hundred masterpieces and the pomp of a hundred world-renowned names, this picture, by an almost unknown Venetian, is the most rememberable, and very nearly the most beautiful. Strange anomaly that this should be the case. It savours of the miraculous! We will pretend to no wide knowledge of Andrea Schiavone's work. The present collection contains another picture by him; but its merits did not happen to attract us. We regret that we overlooked this picture; but even without seeing it we are quite sure that it does not compare for a moment with the picture 163. He who is in natural sympathy with the art of oil-painting, and who has cultivated this sympathy, reads the story of a picture in the picture itself. He reads not only the story of rough and stupid usage, careless cleanings, vile varnishing, the barbarous retouching, but much about the painter himself—whether he was Christian or pagan, whether he lived alone or among men, whether life came to him as a gift or a curse. The sentiments that were in the painter's soul at the moment of sitting down to paint find their way into his picture, and those that were not are necessarily absent. We can guess the mood that dictated the first idea, and we can tell if a failure was owing to natural inability or to accident; we can say that the extraordinary merit of a certain picture, though we have never seen another by the same master, is exceptional and outside of the ordinary tether of his talent; we feel, we know by instinct, or, to be more precise, we read in the tell-tale execution, the happy accident of the inspiration coinciding fortuitously with a happy moment of mental and bodily health. These pictures wear an abnormal air; their beauty surprised the artist as much as it surprises us.

And this is our reading of Andrea Schiavone's beautiful picture. It strikes us as an adorable accident, and we find it difficult to believe that the painter ever painted so well

again. To illustrate our meaning by further example we would cite Bronzino's picture in the National Gallery. We have not been to Italy, and have therefore only a very partial acquaintance with this painter's work, but no more than a slight knowledge of oil-painting is required to be intimately certain that the picture in the National Gallery is Bronzino's masterpiece—that he never painted so well again. Nor does the analogy between the two pictures end at this point. In both pictures the women are naked with the august and yet voluptuous nakedness of the gods. The undressed woman is as common in art as in life; the naked woman is almost a unique thing. In Bronzino's picture the Venus and the Cupids are over-modelled, but the goddess is adorably white. In Andrea Schiavone's, the figure of the woman is hardly modelled; her beauty and her nakedness are expressed with one rich tone of flesh-colour. It is a sketch; the painter felt that his inspiration exceeded his power of execution, and though he had not the genius to go on to the end he possessed the rare talent of knowing when to leave off.

Gaspar Poussin's name is familiar to us; but has not his name reached us through the fame of his brother, Nicholas Poussin? For what do we know of Gaspar's work? We have an indistinct memory of some landscapes by him in the National Gallery: large landscapes, yellow and brown, with rocks and trees in the Roman manner. Perhaps the Louvre may have some better examples of his work, but we do not remember them; the splendid array of Nicholas' work obliterates all memory of his brother; in our thought there is only place for that lovely brown, the dominant note in all his pictures, which Degas has so dexterously borrowed and made the base of his colour-scheme. Gaspar Poussin was surely a third- or fourth-rate painter, accomplished, no doubt, but without any distinct individuality. Great, therefore, was our surprise to find him set down as the painter of a very poetic landscape (121), a harmonious arrangement of green and blue, more delicately imaginative than Claude. Nothing more beautiful than the airy blue of that sky and the transparencies of that rich green foreground; difficult it would be to desire a more beautiful picture to live with: it would secure a constant transport of the mind to higher planes of thought, an inevitable lifting out of the mean routine of daily care. So happy is the aspiration, so sweet is the immortality, that we hardly wonder at all why the painter painted so beautifully on this unique occasion, but rather why, having once entered into so beautiful a mood, he was unable to continue in it. It is as difficult to imagine as to think of a man dreaming a day in paradise and living afterwards a century on earth.

Duyster is a name that is practically unknown among the seventeenth-century Dutch painters. Yet in the small panel picture (76) we find workmanship of the highest class, superior to any workmanship that has been seen since; a subdued workmanship without a trace of ostentation, of vulgar studio swagger. Never did Meissonier approach the perfection of drawing and painting that this picture shows from the placing of the figures on the canvas to the execution of the accessories, the casket, or the violoncello. The picture is composed and painted in the manner of Terburg. It is difficult to imagine that Duyster was not a pupil of Terburg. However this may be, it is certain that in this picture at least Duyster nearly equalled his master; the picture is better than a large number of pictures which are attributed to Terburg. A gentleman in a large hat and cloak bends over a lady seated in a chair. The manner of drawing is Terburg's: that beautiful, almost impersonal drawing, without trace of mannerism, which renders with equal ease every shape, whether of outline or modelled form of muscle, whether in light, whether in half tint. Surely if Terburg were Duyster's master, he would have admired the drawing of the man's face. The man bends his head, and the hat's brim cuts the face across the eyes. But the character of the nose, mouth, and chin is so perfectly portrayed that the spectator sees with his mind's eye the man's eyes and forehead. The painting too is in the manner of Terburg; but that smooth limped painting, which in the master's pictures express every texture with perfect refinement and discreet elegance, both the pearly plumpness of a lady's bosom and the shiny black silk of a cloak, became coarser-grained in this, let us suppose it to be, a pupil's picture. But though the

quality of the painting in final degree, is inferior to the master's, it is in essentials the same. It is equally concise, equally sure, and the knowledge of the strength and limitations of the method are as complete in the pupil as in the master. The master has transmitted to the pupil every secret except the intransmissible secret of genius.

We have now examined three pictures painted by painters of different nationalities, of different schools, each separated by at least a century. Not one of these painters was of the first or even the second rank, and yet we find all three capable of producing beautiful pictures when circumstances conspired in their favour. Such artistic phenomena are unknown in modern days. Those painters amongst us who have a little genius paint pictures that may be admired legitimately; but the modern painter who has not genius flounders helplessly from one form of abomination to another. The truth of this statement will not be called in question. But who shall explain, who shall find the reason? Columns could be filled about it; a more fertile theme for æsthetic speculation it would be difficult to propound.

LIFE INSURANCE AS AN INVESTMENT.—I.

THE small investor has fallen upon evil times. It is a matter of increasing difficulty for the thrifty middle-class Briton to know where to place the few pounds which he contrives to spare out of his annual income towards providing for old age, or a rainy day, or starting his children in life. Securities yielding what used to be considered a fair rate of interest without undue risk to capital are things of the past. Railway debentures produce about 2½ per cent per annum. British banks that are above suspicion offer a miserably small return on deposits. Colonial banks are discredited. Even consols, so long the secure resort of the over-cautious, can scarcely be so regarded nowadays; for not only do they yield a very low rate of interest, but there is great risk of their being seriously depreciated—perhaps at the very time when the investor wishes to realize them.

One large class of financial institutions that has not suffered to the same extent from the general fall in the rate of interest is the Life Insurance Companies. According to the last Blue-Book issued by the Board of Trade, the investments of ordinary life offices, exclusive of industrial offices, amount to £176,372,186, on which the interest for the preceding year, after deduction of income-tax, was £7,206,828, or £4 1s. 8d. per cent on the sum invested. It is not surprising that large institutions, some of which are managed by financiers of acknowledged ability, should be more successful than private individuals in placing their funds to advantage; and, in the present state of the money market, the small investor may easily do worse than avail himself of the facilities for saving offered by what is commonly called "Endowment Insurance," that is to say, a policy insuring the payment of a given sum at the end of a fixed term of years or at the death of the insurer if that event should occur before the expiration of the term. That the public have already begun to adopt this view is evident from the fact that several offices issue quite one-half of their new policies under one or other of their "endowment" schemes. This particular form of life insurance has not, however, been dealt with in any series of popular articles that we have seen. Yet, independently of its growing importance, there is no part of the subject on which the public stand in greater need of guidance; for not only are actuaries at variance among themselves as to the principle on which bonuses should be allotted to endowment policies, but examples of such bonuses are not required by the Board of Trade, with the natural result that many offices observe a discreet silence on the point—especially when, as is often the case, the endowment bonus is smaller than that given on a corresponding policy for the whole term of life. It follows that, unless a man has considerable technical knowledge of the subject, he is obliged to depend for information upon the prospectuses of the offices themselves, which are, as a whole, so little to be trusted that the Society which advertises that it offers endowment policies most cheaply and profitably to the insurer is in reality the very one where they are the dearest and the most unprofitable.

We purpose, then, to review the present position of

British life offices from the standpoint of the investor. We intend to examine, in order, the prospects held out to him by some of the best offices and by some of the worst. It will be our duty to point out the remarkable divergence of practice which exists as regards this matter of endowment insurance. We shall show that, while some offices give larger bonuses, and some offices smaller bonuses, on endowment policies than on policies for the whole term of life, there are other offices which only pay bonuses when the insurer survives the full term for which the policy was granted, and yet other offices (The Scottish Provident Institution, The Scottish Amicable Life Assurance Society, and The London Life Association occur to us as noteworthy examples) which pay no bonus at all, under any circumstances, on endowment policies. We shall endeavour to prove, further, that a method of dividing profits which is fairly equitable in the case of a "whole life" policy may be altogether unsuitable when applied to an endowment policy, and that the failure of certain offices to recognize this fact has resulted in a system of distribution, as between endowment policies for long and short periods, which is inversely proportional to the justice of the case.

In conducting our inquiry we shall nothing extenuate, nor set down aught in malice; and, although it will be our business to expose certain peculiarly outrageous instances of "bluffing," let the British Companies concerned console themselves with the reflection that even in this department they have already been outdone. It would be unjust to class all the American Life offices doing business in this country with "that trap for the unwary," as the late Lord Chief Justice termed the Mutual Reserve Fund. But it is unquestionably the lavish promises of those offices and their agents—supported, no doubt, by a few exceptional examples convenient for purposes of advertisement—that have enabled them to send so many British premiums across the Atlantic. Granting that investments in America yield a higher rate of interest than in England, the advantage is more than counterbalanced by the heavy expenditure of the American offices for management and commission. It is more particularly to the investor that the specious appeals to which we have alluded are addressed, and we shall have something further to say respecting them before we conclude our investigation.

GAME-BIRD SHOOTING IN THE VELDT.

WAGGON life in the South African interior has, of course, its drawbacks, yet in a climate where for seven months on end absolutely settled weather may be relied upon, its pleasures outnumber them by fifty to one. To mount one's pony on a clear bright morning; to ride forth into the veldt with a friend and a brace of pointers, with the blessed feeling that you have not a care in the world beyond the march of your waggon to the next water; to be absolutely certain of some pretty shooting in a wild country innocent of farms and fences; to return to camp towards evening with perhaps ten or twelve brace of birds and a small buck: these things, to the average healthy male, seem as near perfection as may be found in this vale of tears.

It is eight o'clock on a bright April morning in South Bechuanaland. The air is full of light, brisk, and wonderfully exhilarating. Four gunners have just breakfasted under the lee of their waggon. Now, having mounted their ponies—the average South African horse is seldom more than 14 hands—they ride quietly down the hither side of the shallow valley, "laagte" it is called in these parts, wherein they were outspanned, and climb the farther rise.

It is a picturesque scene. The slopes are clothed with a long growth of waving grass, now greenish-yellow after the rains, amid which great boulders of dark-red rock crop up. Here and there small patches of blue-green bush start out from the grassy veldt. Beyond, crowning the valley, begins a thickish woodland of short trees—bastard yellow-wood the Boers call them—which extends for some miles in front, till the great open plains are again reached. As the gunners ride up the further slope, their waggon is already in motion behind them, starting upon its day's trek—seventeen miles to the next water. Through the clear nimble air come the crack of the driver's great whip and his shrill cries, hurled at the

oxen; and the unwieldy home on wheels crushes slowly through the yielding sand. But now the gunners have spread out in line, and the pointers are already busy. Near some boulders one of the dogs feathers a little, then stands, rigid as a figure of bronze. The two nearest gunners dismount. They already carry their guns and bandoliers, and ride, as men do in the Veldt, in their flannel shirts with the sleeves well rolled up the arms. There is little to encumber their movements. Breeches, gaiters, and stout boots, a shirt and a shady hat, are all that a man needs in Africa.

The reins are thrown over the ponies' necks and hang in front of them, and the nags will stand quietly for hours. Now the gunners are close upon the pointer, still standing with rigid tail and outstretched neck. These francolins lie close in the long grass. "Where the deuce!"—On a sudden up spring three brown birds within five feet of the sportsmen. Twenty yards of law, the guns are up, two light reports from smokeless cartridges, and a brace of the birds hits the earth. Almost instantly a third report follows, and the near gunner has secured his right and left—not a difficult matter with these francolin. But the pointer is not yet content. Another brace of birds is found and brought to bag within thirty yards. The partridges are now gathered. They prove to be the small Coqui Francolin—"N'swimpi" the natives call them—perhaps the most beautiful gamebirds in the world. As one of them lies in the gunner's palm for a few moments, the bright nankin-yellow and orange of the head, the clear hawk-like markings of the breast, and the beautiful shape and feathering, mark this partridge of Africa as a gem among its fellows. The birds are bestowed in a saddle-bag, and the gunners mount and ride into the forest on the right-hand side of the waggon road. Meanwhile their comrades have entered the woodland more to the left hand, and their guns can be heard already going.

For two hours the sportsmen quietly walk their horses through the forest, moving due west. Once their pointer gets into a small troop of guinea-fowl, delving for bulbs, and after a smart chase drives three of them into a tree, whence, as they fly off, the gunners secure them easily enough.

This proceeding may sound heretical to the English sportsman. But in Africa pointers have to encounter many varieties of game, and must perforce adapt themselves to their habits. Guinea-fowl are terrible runners, most difficult to put up, and in forest-country very often the only plan is to tree them. It is true that many a good pointer is half spoiled in the process. Besides the guinea-fowl, a brace of Bush Koorhaan is secured in the forest, as well as a handsome steinbok, which is slung behind one of the saddles. The so-called Bush Koorhaan is in reality a forest bustard—*Eupodotis ruficrista*, scientists call it. Besides being good for the pot, these are notable birds of plumage, with their dark underfeathering, speckled backs, and salmon-coloured crests.

At length, after picking up a few butterflies in the forest clearings, for they carry a net, our gunners emerge upon broad, rolling, sun-drenched plains, covered with long pale yellow grass. Through these they ride steadily hour after hour, picking up every now and again a head or two of game. Now it is a brace of big red-wing partridge (Orange River francolin); now one of those annoying yet handsome gamebirds, the black-and-white bustard—Zwart Koorhaan the Boers call him—whose noisy voice and chiding ways are familiar everywhere in open veldt in South Africa. Now, after keenest search, a leash of tiny bush-quail are flushed and secured, one after the other having literally to be kicked up. A hare and a solitary "dikkop"—thick-knee plover—are added to the growing bag.

About noon all four sportsmen unite, and, under a solitary camel-thorn tree, compare the scores, eat a biscuit, take a pull at the cold coffee from the water-bottles, and smoke a well-earned pipe. Afternoon sees the party, again separated in pairs, steadily marching through the grass veldt on either side of the waggon track. You may see, now and again, a man dismount and put up his gun; a tiny puff of smoke—perhaps two—follows, and the figure, wading knee-deep in grass, mounts and rides on again. All around is the blinding glare of the yellow, shadeless plain; above, the pale turquoise of the sky. Far behind, slowly lumbering

across the veldt, follows the waggon with its gleaming tilt of white.

At evening, outspanned by a limestone water-pit, the bag is turned out and supper is got under weigh. An hour or two later, four men, as they sit smoking by the cheery camp-fire, beneath the loom of the vast star-sprinkled heaven, feel that they indeed have not lived in vain.

BYE-PRODUCTS IN EVOLUTION.

THE evolutionary bye-product is a thing that still awaits appreciation even by some who profess science. It may even be that the phrase needs explaining here. Yet there are those who believe that all the best things in life are evolutionary bye-products. A concrete instance may serve to make the thing clear to any reader to whom the phrase is new.

A man, we will suppose, looks out of a window in the ground-floor of a house and sees a pillar-box opposite. In his hand he holds a letter of vital importance, and which he must post forthwith. Clearly he has to go through the front door, and over to the pillar-box and there post the thing. But the door of the house is locked and the key is upstairs, and he cannot take the letter until he has gone upstairs and obtained the key. Now to an observer who did not appreciate the locked door, his journey upstairs would be absolutely unmeaning. Suppose, too, that the key is covered with wet paint and enclosed in a sealed envelope. Then we find, as an outcome of the necessity to cross the road to the pillar-box, not only that the road is crossed, but that the man makes a journey upstairs, gets a certain amount of paint on his fingers, and breaks the seal of an envelope. The journey upstairs, the discoloured fingers, the broken seal, are as much bye-products in the process of crossing the road, as slag and various gases are bye-products of the reduction of iron. Or to put the thing in an abstract form, an end A can only be attained by a process that simultaneously produces B, C, and D, results not needed and yet inevitably involved.

The reader will perceive at once how this will apply to organisms. Let us say that a species under the pressure of changing conditions must either modify some organ in the direction A or perish. But that modification, we will presume, involves a disturbance in the whole physiological balance, more of this product and less of that, and so in parts of the body quite remote from the organ involved in the change A, other consequent changes are set up, and the directly unserviceable and yet absolutely necessary modifications B, C, and D ensue. For example, a species is under stress through the need of a certain pigmentary modification. The elaboration of the new pigment, or an increased elaboration of an old pigment, involves certain chemical bye-products which cannot be allowed to remain in the blood, and yet are products which the excretory apparatus of the animal is ill adapted to remove. It may be they are deposited about the body at points where they are least injurious, or even where they acquire a slight utility. For instance, for all we know to the contrary, the change of this or that animal from grey to drab may involve the appearance or disappearance of fleshy excrescences or horny outgrowths, and the development of hoof or horn, the profoundest changes in colour or kidney. Yet people who understand a little of the theory of evolution but not very much of it, will attempt to explain every feature of the structure of a living thing, down to its minutest curves, as the reaction of that organism to its necessities, and to an enormous majority of educated people, the instance of a perfectly useless organ would be considered an adequate objection to natural selection. But obviously, until we can be assured of every phase in the processes of physiological chemistry, such an objection is altogether beside the mark. It may be, that a large number of inexplicable colorations, inexplicable wattles, horns, manes, skeletal bars, and the like, will ultimately prove such evolutionary bye-products.

In the case of man particularly is such a speculation suggestive. His appreciation of musical harmony, his sense of visual beauty, are things that invariably puzzle the logical student of evolution, whose attention has been confined to immediate utility. But with regard to the subtle mechanism of mind, we are even more in the

dark than when we deal with the chemical equilibrium. It may be true that we cannot show that the capacity for pleasurable emotion at the event A is inseparable from pleasurable emotion at the event B, but to prove the negative is equally impossible. You cannot make a hay-cart that will refuse to carry roses. Every new need may necessitate, not merely its satisfaction, but some collateral enrichment of life; and hunger, thirst, and lust, working upon our plastic specific substance, have truly engendered all the nobler attributes of the human soul. Our mother Want may have made the spiritual not because she sought it, but because it was inseparable from the maternal security she sought. And so the world of art and the body of literature become explicable among the bye-products of the evolutionary worker. Heaven forbid that we should say that actually the thing is so. All we would point out is that so common a difficulty may be at least plausibly explained.

NEW MUSIC, AND OLD.

WHAT a mistake is that we make of calling all men composers that put notes to paper. We do not allow that a man is an artist on the strength of a vain endeavour to paint a blue cow on a red tile, or a novelist because he has contributed a wooden-legged sketch of incident to *The Yellow Book*; we even refuse the title poet to librettists and the gentlemen who write lyrics for music; yet the persons who set the lyrics and the librettos are composers one and all. We ourselves would divide them that destroy the market value of clean music-paper into three classes: composers, mathematicians, and confectioners. The first is held by some writers to be extinct, and though we do not take that extreme view, we admit that specimens are scarce enough; the second sort infests our teaching institutions; the last, the makers of sweetstuff, threaten soon to outnumber the public for which they cater. If the young men and maidens who, ambitious of the composer's laurel crown, rush faster every day into print with drawing-room ballads, knew the only crown that may be grasped that way, they might be persuaded to leave off. And if cash and not glory is what they seek, how can they hope to compete with the old hands who know every trick of the trade, and whose factories are furnished with the latest machines and the best raw material? Here is Mr. Odoardo Barri, for example, whose publishers (Jefferys & Co.) send us his "Have you forgotten?" Mr. Barri takes his words from that esteemed writer of *Telegraphese*, Mr. Clement Scott, who asks:

"Have you forgotten, my heart! my heart!

That night when the lilies were bathed in dew?"

And goes on to remind "his heart! his heart!" how they had "loved and sat" in some lumbago-inducing spot (first described as a garden, then as a wood, then as a garden again); and concludes his first verse with the reflection that

"... whatever may happen in after years,

There was never a kiss like that."

The second verse says ditto to the first, save where the exigencies of rhyme have compelled Mr. Scott's lyric muse to some contortions so funny that it is worth buying the song to see them. Choice inanity of this kind commands a fairly high figure, for it has so little individuality that you may marry it to the most insufferably sentimental melody and it will set up never a claim to be heard on its own account; and in his cash power to buy such stuff, and willingness to set it, Mr. Barri has an incalculable advantage over those competitors who cannot or will not do either. Mr. Barri indulges in no scruples; nor need he. Song-making is his trade: he is frankly a confectioner; and his business is conducted with probity on strictly commercial principles. He gives the public what the public wants; and here we may see what that is. A vaguely regretful air, a refrain (in this case less catching than usual), and a dexterous ending that permits the singer nearly to destroy himself with passion and lack of breath as he climbs towards the inevitable high note: this is the popular confectioner's formula. We have picked Mr. Odoardo Barri's song as a specimen; but we might have picked a thousand worse. But as nine hundred and ninety-nine will never be heard of by the public, and the chances are against half-a-dozen copies being sold of

the odd one, we need not throw stones at them as they drift to oblivion. We rest content with having given such encouragement as would-be famous composers may gather from the facts we have stated.

From a pile as heavy as may be carried by a strong man, we cull a few volumes and odd pieces that possess something of the saving excellence of sincerity. Messrs. Wilcocks & Co. send us three books of songs and a cantata—"The Maid of Colonsay"—by Mr. Erskine Allon—a gentleman who is so genuinely expressive at times that we make no doubt he will do fine work as soon as he gives up his cleverness and begins to say what he means in the simplest, directest terms. The inundation of drawing-room ballads has driven Messrs. Robert Cocks & Co. to apply the not quite happy title "Artistic Songs" to a series of settings of passable verse that are not always and altogether artistic; and two of them—"Love" and "My tears are turned to flowers," by Beatrice Parkyn—are graceful, though the sentiment that should pervade them is rather frittered away in the utterance. Mr. Ernest Cresswell's "Grave and the Rose" (Jefferys) is a studiously simple melody, pleasing, and also a token of better things to follow. Max Reger's duets for treble and alto voices, published by Messrs. Augener (who, by the way, are issuing the best selection of Handel's songs ever printed) are more interesting than beautiful. But the most delightful songs written these many months are Mr. Blumenthal's two recent volumes, "In the Shadow" and "In the Sunshine" (Novello). In a sense Mr. Blumenthal is unambitious. He attempts no elaboration, but says what he has to say, and is done with it. His are dewdrops of song; or rather they glisten fresh, cool, and clear as diamonds new-picked from the river at Camelot where they have lain since Queen Guinevere threw them in under the old-world sunlight and diamonds flashed to meet them. Mr. Blumenthal's apparent carelessness of detail implies no technical weakness. He makes one melody, one chord, serve where a less sure artist would use a dozen. The rhythmical freedom of his melodies and the boldness of his harmonic progressions are equalled and justified by the brightness, the freshness, the perfect sweetness of the result. There is not a bar that recalls Wagner; but for all that there are few bars that would not have been written differently but for "Tristan" and "Parsifal." Mr. Blumenthal has not copied from Wagner, nor from Berlioz; but he has wisely learnt much from both. Mr. Cowen's "Christmas Scenes" (Novello), a kind of semi-sacred cantata for treble voices, is the most gratifying thing he has written for some time; but we must say a word or two in condemnation of the "sacred songs" so much in vogue just now. Gounod wrote "The Cross of Calvary" (Phillips & Page) in entire sincerity, and the song, though it is tedious, has expressive phrases; but Thomas Adams' "Heavenly Babe," Mr. Elliot's "Sun of my Soul," and Mr. D. Pughe-Evans' "Lead, kindly Light," are merely sugared blasphemies, seemingly inspired by the hope of a cash reward as large as that secured some little time since by a song of the same class. One cannot but marvel that Messrs. Novello, who, like the fly on the wheel, claim so large a share of credit for that revival of music in England, which has, in fact, given them their present position, should stoop so low as to publish this composition of Mr. Pughe-Evans.

It is with unspeakable relief we turn from even the best of this modern music to the old things given by Mr. Dolmetsch at his concerts in the Salle Erard on 15 and 29 January. It is good to feel that there was a time when the public did not demand sentimental confectionery; it is inspiring to know that in so many generations men have not been wanting, when they were wanted, who could write simply, as they thought and as they felt, and, regardless of ending on the high note, rested content when they had found beauty. For to him who has the ears and the temperament, there can be no shirking of the fact that the old music is no whit inferior to the modern. It is different, certainly; but the difference is not always in our favour. Our music has more in it of human passion, often more of mere hysteria; and while the old music is never hysterical it generally equals ours, and sometimes beats it, in point of pure beauty. Human passion is much, but not all;

and to the generations that lie far ahead of us it may be a question, or perhaps no question at all, whether the incomparable decorative splendour of the old stuff—for it is nearly always decorative, as frankly so as a Morris tapestry—may not more than compensate for the lack of warm emotion. Anyhow, now and always, it is the business of music not to be this or that, but firstly and above all to be beautiful; and beauty the ancient men achieved to a degree that will begin to be understood after Mr. Dolmetsch has hammered away at his present purpose for (say) twenty or thirty years longer. They found life large, did those old men, and the shining days spacious, and the years long; they were in no sweat of mortal terror lest their voices should not be heard once above the crowd's roar ere they passed to the eternal silence; with an *insouciance* beyond our reach, whatever strain of sadness would blend with their gaiety, they could forget their little selves, their little individualities and personalities, and linger merely to make something lovely. At the same time many of the old songs are surprisingly expressive, and the expression is of a curious kind—accidental, unconscious as it were; as an artist who draws a face that he wishes only to be beautiful might without thought or purpose put into the eyes and mouth a reflection of the feeling that happens to possess him at the moment. At a first hearing some of the songs so finely sung on 15 January by Mr. Douglas Powell (for example, the anonymous "I loathe what I did love"; or Henry Lawes' "Bid me but live") seem childishly, naïvely pleasing; but a fuller acquaintance shows them to be written with absolute mastery, and considered as sound patterns, faultless; only the pathetic fall of the human voice that betrays emotion has crept in unawares and added something the composer thought not of. In the song divinely interpreted, made intelligible, by Mrs. Hutchinson at the concert of 29 January, Alessandro Scarlatti's "O cessate di piagarmi," we have a thing immeasurably removed from Lawes' songs, though it was published only half a century later. Old-world much of the melody is, and all of the accompaniment; but there are phrases in it as modern as anything written yesterday. It has the threefold interest of being indescribably pathetic, flawlessly beautiful, and a daring prophecy of the noblest things that were to follow. But then, again, Lawes' "I am confirmed," Purcell's "Let the dreadful engines," Caccini's "Ar d'il mio petto misero," and Buononcini's "Per la Gloria," are all alike wholly decorative. Purcell was often expressive, but not in "Let the dreadful engines"; and the reason why Mr. Douglas Powell was not so successful in it as in his other pieces is that, possibly thinking of Burney's criticism, he sought to turn the recitative into a piece of Handelian declamation, an indignity to which it would not submit. It goes without saying that the instrumental music played by Mr. Dolmetsch and his colleagues is pure musical embroidery. Probably few followed to much purpose the two pieces for three viols by "the Kyng Henry VIII."; yet (whatever Mrs. Chant or Mrs. Sarah Grand may have to say in the matter) they have a distinctive quality and show a marked degree of feeling for what is lovely if not of good report. Mr. Maitland scurried through the selection from "The Fitzwilliam Virginal Book" at such a pace, and with so small a show of interest in even the technical structure of the pieces, so weak a sense of the subtleties of rhythm that count for so much in this old music, that its meaning and even the old-world quality were wholly lost; but, on the other hand, he played a Prelude, an "Almand," and a Courante from Purcell's book of "Lessons for the Harpsichord," delightfully and with artistic insight. The most striking thing in the second concert was Mr. Dolmetsch's unique old-worldly (if we may coin a word) reading of a "Follia" for violin and harpsichord (the latter played by Miss Ethel Davis). It was thoroughly convincing; and though the reflection be discouraging we must say it showed that a man must first steep himself in old music if he would play it so as to give his hearers the true atmosphere, the very fragrance of the old world.

On 12 and 26 February Mr. Dolmetsch gives two of his concerts at Queen's Hall. They are public; and it will be a scandal if the public does not attend them. The literary man who wants to realize the colour and flavour of a bygone age, the man out of the street who joys

in the more obvious harpsichord effects—the passages played on alternate keyboards—and so forth—the musician who wishes to see the streams that fed the roots of the later music of Handel and Bach, or who thrills to the touch of beauty, no matter in what shape it comes—all these will find what they want at Mr. Dolmetsch's concerts, which, if they are not a liberal education, are yet a very necessary part of that education.

We should like to have spoken of Mrs. Helen Trust's singing of some old songs at the Popular Concert of 22 January. But there is only space to record that the singer was a true interpreter of old Boyce, and one or two of the later, more commonplace song-writers. And we should say the concert, as a whole, like that of the Monday following, was an excellent one.

MONEY MATTERS.

THE RISE IN CONSOLS.

CONSOLS touched 106 last week, and they have been under 104 this week. The rise was mainly due, of course, to the difficulty capitalists have in finding employment for their surplus money. Rates of interest and discount are so low that it is hardly worth while employing money either in Lombard Street or upon the Stock Exchange, and everything points to a long continuance of the cheapness. Gold is coming in large amounts from the United States, South Africa, and Australia; the demand for the Continent has ceased for the time, trade is dull, speculation outside of the South African department is at an end, and consequently it is difficult to employ money to advantage. Bankers, insurance offices, and the like have, therefore, for a considerable time past been buying large amounts of Consols. The fall of the past few days is the result mainly of the alarm in the United States. No doubt many people have been selling, tempted by the extraordinary price of last week; but the chief reason for the sales is the desire of great capitalists to accumulate actual cash so as to be prepared if there is a serious crisis in New York. Should a crisis occur, all prices will decline somewhat, even Consols. On the other hand, if anything is done in the United States to restore confidence, there will be a further advance probably in all first-class securities. As yet there is no sign of such a spread of speculation as would induce bankers and others to discontinue investing in Consols.

President Cleveland's message to Congress has made a very great sensation in the City, as was natural; and unless something is very quickly done by Congress, which does not seem probable, every one is expecting a serious crisis in New York. It will be recollected that to get gold so as to be able to fulfil its financial obligations the United States Treasury borrowed in February of last year and again in November altogether 20 millions sterling nominal. But as the rate of interest was 5 per cent, the two loans were issued at a premium, so that the actual amount of gold obtained was about 23 millions sterling. In spite of such large borrowing there is less than 10 millions sterling now in the Treasury. The President states that during the ten months between the first loan and the second, the withdrawals of gold from the Treasury amounted to about 21 millions sterling, but that in the two months since the last loan the withdrawals have nearly reached 14 millions sterling. If they go on at that rate the 10 millions still held will very soon disappear. Apparently Congress will not pass the measures recommended by the President, and it is greatly doubted whether the President can borrow again. That he can get some gold at home is reasonably certain, for the banks will assist to avert a crisis; but that he can get much is not thought probable, because under the existing law the President cannot bind the American Government to repay in gold, and without that it is reasonably certain that in Europe, at all events, a large loan cannot be raised. Such being the state of the case, it would not be surprising if at any moment gold went to a premium and disappeared from the circulation. And that, of course, would be followed by a crash in New York.

As was generally expected, the railway dividends so

far announced are not satisfactory. They compare fairly well with those declared a year ago; but then, a year ago the railways had suffered severely from the coal strike in the Midlands. If the comparison is made, as it ought to be, with those for the second half of 1892, the dividends for the most part are disappointing, though there are a few exceptions. The North-Eastern is $6\frac{3}{4}$ per cent now against 7 per cent at this time last year, and $6\frac{3}{4}$ per cent two years ago; but the North-Eastern benefited by the strike in the Midlands. The South-Western dividend is $7\frac{1}{2}$ per cent now against $7\frac{1}{4}$ twelve months ago, and $7\frac{3}{4}$ two years ago. The Great Northern is 4 per cent against 3 per cent twelve months ago, and $5\frac{1}{4}$ two years ago. The Lancashire and Yorkshire is $4\frac{1}{2}$ against 3 per cent twelve months ago, and 4 per cent two years ago. The Great Eastern is $2\frac{1}{4}$ per cent against $1\frac{1}{4}$ twelve months ago, and $3\frac{1}{2}$ two years ago. The Brighton is $7\frac{1}{4}$ against $7\frac{1}{2}$ per cent twelve months ago, and $9\frac{1}{4}$ two years ago. The South-Eastern is $5\frac{3}{4}$ against $5\frac{1}{4}$ this time last year, and $6\frac{1}{4}$ two years ago. The Manchester, Sheffield, and Lincolnshire is $1\frac{1}{2}$ per cent now against a deficiency even in the dividend on the Preference stock twelve months ago, and 3 per cent on the Ordinary stock two years ago. There was a fair increase in the gross receipts, but there was a larger augmentation in the fixed charges and the working expenses, with the result that the amount available for dividend was considerably reduced compared with two years ago. And for the new half-year the prospect is not very much brighter.

For some days last week there was very active speculation in Rupee Paper. The operators were chiefly Continental and for the most part French. The reasons on which they acted were certainly insufficient to justify the considerable rise that at one time took place. The India Council having refused to sell its drafts at 1s. 0 $\frac{1}{2}$ d. per rupee, it was argued that the Council would borrow a considerable amount in sterling in London, that in consequence sales of drafts would be much smaller than had been expected, that, therefore, there would be a rise in the purchasing power of the rupee, and that a purchaser of Rupee Paper would get a better dividend. Looked at from the point of view of the speculator who merely buys to sell again as soon as there has been a rise, the argument was not without a certain force. But from the point of view of the investor it was altogether wrong; indeed, it supplied a reason rather for selling than for buying Rupee Paper, since if the Council borrows now, in the very middle of what ought to be the most active export season, it will probably have to borrow more before the end of the year. But every addition made to the gold debt by borrowing in London, adds to the financial embarrassments of the Indian Government, and therefore tends to lower its credit. The announcement of a new Chinese loan of three millions sterling, bearing 6 per cent interest and repayable by annual drawings after 1900, has given further firmness to the silver and the rupee market, and consequently encourages speculation in Rupee Paper; for it is argued that some portion of the loan will be taken in silver, and that therefore the price of silver will rise. But it is very doubtful whether much of the loan will be taken in silver. The expenditure of China in Europe has been very large since the war broke out, and the loan is needed chiefly to defray that expenditure.

It is believed that the negotiations for settling the disputes between the Argentine Government and the Argentine guaranteed railway Companies have failed. A proposal had been made to hand over to the railway Companies $4\frac{1}{2}$ per cent gold bonds as a settlement of all their claims upon the Government; but one of the Buenos Ayres papers has made very serious charges against the Companies and their agents, alleging that it has convincing evidence that the Companies are bribing upon a large scale, and have promised their agents excessive commissions. The editor of the paper when called upon to make good his charges, refused to produce the evidence, but he alleges that he will do so if the matter is brought before a court of law. In any event, the charges have made such a sensation in Buenos Ayres that it is believed impossible to carry the arrangement through Congress.

The Settlement in the mining market began on Monday under the new rules; the regular Settlement did not begin until the next day. The speculative account to be arranged was smaller than last time, and the difficulty of settling was less. President Cleveland's Message has checked speculation in every department. If there is a panic in New York, as now seems only too probable, nobody can foresee what may happen, and therefore all prudent people are accumulating resources. If gold disappears from circulation, the money of the United States will become depreciated: how much it is impossible to foresee, but certainly it will be depreciated; and as the interest on Currency Bonds and the dividends on shares that still earn dividends will be paid in the current money of the country, whatever it may be, both interest and dividends will be reduced thereby. Consequently, if it once comes to be believed that Congress will not pass the necessary measures to safeguard the credit of the country, there may be selling by European holders of Currency Bonds and shares on such a scale as will completely break down the New York market. If that should happen, and if at the same time there should be a panic in New York, there must be so many failures that the European money markets would be affected. Possibly the panic may not be as serious as is now apprehended, or, contrary to speculation, Congress may yield at last and pass such a Bill as is recommended by President Cleveland. But cautious people throughout Europe are very apprehensive and naturally are unwilling to engage in new risks. In the American market the fall has been considerable. Even in the South African market prices generally are decidedly lower. In other markets there is hardly anything doing; and until the action of Congress can be foreseen more clearly than at present, the probability is that dulness and stagnation will prevail.

Consols closed on Thursday at $104\frac{3}{8}$, a fall compared with the preceding Thursday of $1\frac{9}{16}$; and Indian Sterling Threes closed at $103\frac{3}{8}$, a fall of $1\frac{1}{8}$. In the Home Railway market Midland closed at $154\frac{3}{8}$, a fall of $2\frac{1}{4}$; Great Western closed at $169\frac{1}{8}$, a fall of 2; Great Northern Preferred closed at $116\frac{1}{2}$, likewise a fall of 2; North-Eastern closed at $167\frac{1}{8}$, a fall of $1\frac{1}{8}$; North-Western closed at $179\frac{3}{8}$, a fall of 1; and South-Western Ordinary closed at 199, also a fall of 1. In the American market Louisville and Nashville shares closed at $51\frac{3}{8}$, a fall of as much as $4\frac{3}{8}$; Canadian Pacific closed at $53\frac{1}{8}$, a fall of 4; Norfolk and Western Preferred closed at $14\frac{1}{8}$, a fall of $3\frac{1}{8}$; Lake Shore closed at 139, a fall of 2; and Baltimore and Ohio closed at 63, a fall of 1. In the inter-Bourse department French Threes closed at 102, a rise of $\frac{1}{2}$; German Threes closed at $96\frac{3}{8}$, a rise of $\frac{1}{8}$; and Italian Fives closed at $86\frac{3}{8}$, a fall of $1\frac{3}{8}$. In the South African department de Beers closed at $19\frac{3}{8}$, a rise of $\frac{1}{8}$; and Jagersfontein New closed at $17\frac{1}{8}$, a rise of $\frac{3}{16}$; but City and Suburban closed at 16, a fall of $\frac{1}{4}$; Consolidated Deep Level closed at 4, also a fall of $\frac{1}{4}$; and Henry Nourse closed at $5\frac{1}{8}$, a fall of $\frac{1}{16}$.

NEW ISSUES, &c.

MAINLAND CONSOLS, LIMITED.—A WARNING.

A fortnight ago a Company calling itself the "New Zealand Jubilee Gold Mine, Limited," made its appearance with a share capital of £100,000, and with something more than the usual flourish of trumpets. Scarcely was the ink dry on the full-page advertisements which burst into print on every side than it was announced that the whole of the capital had been subscribed by the public three times over. We turned to the prospectus, and rubbed our eyes in amazement. So far as we could gather, the sole credential of the new venture was that the property was "in the same district," whatever that might mean, as the Waihi mine. The prospectus, it is true, adduced detailed statistics of the crushings of the Waihi mine; but we were wholly unable to accept the implied assumption that whatever was true of that mine would hold good as to any other mine "in the same district." Our faith in the validity of the concern so widely supported—perhaps even our faith in the validity of some of the subscriptions—being thus shaken, we were

the less unprepared to find, at the close of the prospectus, the objectionable "waiver clause," now, happily, becoming day by day more unusual. The vendor was a certain Mr. F. A. Thompson, described as late chairman of the South Simmer and Jack Deep Level Gold Mining Company; and a Mr. Matthew G. Hale, of 25, Wynnstay Gardens, Kensington, was on the Board of Directors. It is right to add that there was one statement in the prospectus to which we gave implicit and unreserved credence. It was asserted that Mr. F. A. Thompson was selling the property "at a profit." Seeing that Mr. Thompson was to receive £90,000 as the consideration for the purchase—thus leaving a poor £10,000 of working capital with which to earn dividends on £100,000—we venture to think that the directors might have gone so far as to say "at an enormous profit." We should scarcely be surprised to hear that Mr. Thompson's relations, as chairman or otherwise, with the Decatur Mines Syndicate, the Keysville Gold Mining Company, the Kromdraai Gold Mining Company, the South Simmer and Jack Deep Level Gold Mining Company, the Van Ryn Estate and Gold Mining Company, and the Mexican General Land Mortgage and Investment Company are also conducted "at a profit."

But it is clear that the limit is not yet reached of Mr. Thompson's mining activity. He appears again on the board of the "Mainland Consols, Limited." This sets us wondering whether it is a coincidence merely that a Mr. Hale should be one of the firm of brokers employed by this company? Can it be that he is the same Mr. Hale whose acquaintance we made a fortnight ago on the board of the "Jubilee" Mine? But let us hasten to explain that in this case Mr. Thompson is not the vendor. He is only "representing" the vendor Company, which bears no less a title than the "West Australian Exploring and Finance Corporation, Limited," and which, although itself produced so recently as last September, at this early age exhibits prolific tendencies. The effort of parturition is certainly costly. The price is no less than £125,000, of which £75,000 at least is to be in hard cash! But this is not all. The entire cash capital required by the Company (including £25,000 working capital) has, the prospectus informs us, been guaranteed by the vendor Company "and other responsible parties." But the prospectus most unaccountably omits to state what is to be the consideration for this guarantee. What "baksheesh" will be awarded to these responsible gentlemen of modest anonymity? Need we add that the "waiver" clause again presents itself, so that the unfortunate shareholders will have little or no voice even as to the disposal of the £25,000 which Mr. Thompson and his friends generously intend to spare for "working expenses," and which is all the Company will have wherewith to earn dividends on the whole capital of £150,000.

But we fear that we wrong these honourable men. The prospectus is not yet exhausted. Not only does "the Hon. William Clarke, J.P., formerly Minister of Justice of New South Wales," spare time in the midst of his duties on a variety of Companies—and among these the Standard Bank of Australia, which has twice suspended payment within the last four years, must alone have given him some trouble—to tell of the "wonderful surprises in store" (we should think so indeed!), for the Mainland Consols shareholders; but there is Mr. Charles Kaufman, who has been examining and reporting on the property for the Vendor Company, and who telegraphs that "a rich chute of ore in the face of the drift at the lowest level, averages about 1,000 ounces of gold per ton." This almost persuades us that we are listening to the gentleman who last week told the shareholders of the Londonderry Mine that in that mine "the quantity of gold in sight would astonish any man who could (sic) look at it."

The subscription list opened the day before yesterday, closed yesterday for London, and will close at noon to-day for the country. The allotment also is to be made to-day. Why such haste to draw in the net? Is it because the directors are wise men, and know that in such matters the second thoughts of applicants for shares are apt to be prudent?

A correspondent informs us that Messrs. Richard

Smith & Co., public-house brokers, were the promoters of the Smoke Abatement Company which appeared at No. 83 Queen Street, Cheapside, in November, 1889, and also of the Smoke Annihilator Company, which hails from the same address in 1895.

The annual meeting of the British Workman's and General Assurance Company, Limited, was held at Birmingham on the 14th and 15th ultimo. It appeared from the managing director's statement that 229,000 new policies had been issued since the last meeting, the annual premiums thereon amounting to £121,978. This represents an increase of over 52 per cent in the new business of the Company.

The report presented at the half-yearly meeting of the Commercial Banking Company of Sydney, held at Sydney on the 25th ultimo, shows that the paid-up capital, as increased, amounts to £934,328, upon which a dividend for the past half-year was declared at the rate of 8 per cent per annum; and £14,434 was carried forward. The reserve fund remains at £1,010,000.

CORRESPONDENCE.

BIMETALLISM AND THE BY-ELECTIONS.

To the Editor of the *Saturday Review*.

London, 1 February, 1895.

SIR,—The late by-elections have been remarkable for two things, for Government defeats, and for bimetallic successes. Since the election at South Hackney, when Mr. Fletcher Moulton's return to the House of Commons added another opponent to the theory of gold monometallism, success has followed success in the bimetallic cause. Birkenhead has returned a Vice-President of the Bimetallic League; Forfar has returned a strong bimetallicist; and the successful candidates both at Brigg and Evesham gave satisfactory answers to the questions which were put to them on the currency question.

If the example set in the by-elections is followed at the general election, the next House of Commons will be monotonously bimetallic. Those who oppose a return to the ancient monetary system of the world, which lasted till the year 1873, will have to bestir themselves: Mr. Crump, if he has not been swept away and drowned by the "bursting of his gold dam," will have again to prove to his own and other people's satisfaction that, in these days of increasing trade and population, one metal can successfully perform the work which has from time immemorial been performed by two; Lord Farrer must paint again in glowing colours the benefits which will follow the adoption of a single gold standard by the world, for those who have debts and obligations to meet; and Mr. Shaw Lefevre must demonstrate again the blessings of a general fall in prices to wage-earners, who in agriculture and many other industries find it increasingly difficult to earn any wages at all.

The bimetallic successes are not unlikely to be continued: the United Textile Factory Workers' Association of Lancashire, Cheshire, Yorkshire, and Derbyshire has voted £500 to the Bimetallic League; they are naturally not much elated by the action of the great Free-Trade Liberal Government in putting on import duties in India against the products of their labour, and they regard the excise duties as little better than an imposture for the purpose of making matters even for them; Lancashire has fought for Free-Trade before, Lancashire understands that Free-Trade with the silver-using East without the par of Exchange is impossible, and Lancashire may fight for Free-Trade again.

The agricultural voter, too, is not so delighted with the low price of produce as some would make out; there has been a loss of some £47,000,000 a year to the landed interests owing to the fall in prices, and he is beginning to understand that this fall in prices means to him lower wages or none at all, and that it will eventually drive him from the land on which he has lived into the already overcrowded towns.

Many of our other great productive industries are not in much better plight. Mr. S. Smith, M.P., some years ago, stated that he doubted whether, if the land and

industrial businesses of the country could be sold at their present market price, they would not pay the debts, charges, mortgages, and debentures upon them; and with falling prices the difficulty of paying the interest on these charges becomes greater every year.

These causes make for discontent, and discontent is generally hostile to the existing Government; so there is some reason to hope that the authors of the failure of the last International Monetary Conference, who are directly responsible, notwithstanding the solemn warning given by Mr. Alfred Rothschild at that conference, for the financial troubles in Australia, in the United States of America, and the disastrous experiment in India; the advocates of "a gold standard with or without a gold currency," the best receipt yet invented for panics and bankruptcy; the supporters of a monetary policy which, besides ruining one of the greatest industries in England, is robbing some 250,000,000 of our Indian fellow-subjects of more than £8,000,000 a year, will meet at the hands of a disgusted electorate that reward which they have so abundantly deserved.—Yours truly,

W. H. GRENFELL.

REVIEWS.

ANOTHER SPECIMEN OF OXFORD EDITING.

"Essays upon Heredity and Kindred Biological Problems." By Dr. August Weismann. Authorized translation, edited by Edward B. Poulton, M.A., F.R.S., &c.; Selmar Schönland, Ph.D., Hon. M.A. Oxon.; and Arthur E. Shipley, M.A., F.L.S. First Edition, 1889. Second Edition, 1891. Vol. II. 1892. Oxford: Clarendon Press.

THE delegates of the Clarendon Press have made few ventures in works dealing with biological theory. A brief consideration of their edition of Weismann's essays will tend to lessen any regret for this reserve.

In an English rendering of foreign scientific works we do not look for translation as a fine art; we demand only a simple and faithful presentation of the author's meaning. The twelve essays of the two volumes before us have been translated by five people; instead of selecting flagrant examples from the whole set, we give the result of an examination of the first page of the first essay translated by each.

Mr. Shipley, the first translator, is merely slipshod; apparently he has an acquaintance with German, and, following the general sense of the original, he has written it down in the first words that came to his pen, taking no trouble to preserve the definiteness or any little grace of the author. Thus Johannes Müller's classical phrase, "Die organische Körper sind vergänglich; indem sich das Leben mit einem Schein von Unsterblichkeit von einem zum andern Individuum erhält, vergehen die Individuen selbst," "All organized bodies are mortal; while the continuance of life from one individual to another lends an appearance of immortality the individuals themselves perish," he renders as "Organic (*sic*) bodies are perishable; while life maintains the appearance of immortality in the constant succession of similar individuals, the individuals themselves pass away." Again, "Die allgemeine Richtigkeit" means the general correctness or conformity to truth, not "the precise accuracy." Lastly, for "Warum den Individuen die süsse Gewohnheit des Daseins in so verschiedenem Maasse zugemessen ist?" Macaulay's schoolboy, following the German, would give, "Why should individuals have such unequal shares in what Goethe called the sweet habit of living?" Mr. Shipley writes, "How is it that individuals are endowed with the power of living long in such very various degrees?"

Dr. Selmar Schönland's difficulty is with English. In his first page "peculiarities" has to do duty for the three German words, "Anlagen," "Verhältnisse," and "Eigenthümlichkeiten." For the last it is a possible translation, for the other two it is simply erroneous. In the same space he translates "sondert sich ab"—separate themselves—as "become specialized"; and his English failing before the difficulty of "das Ganze," he renders it "the *tout ensemble*."

Miss Gould's first page is conspicuous by the remarkable statements, that there are some birds "which do

not even possess wings," and that in the well-known "kiwi," "the wings are totally absent." Even the most careless editors might have been surprised by this statement into consulting the original. Then they would have seen that the first phrase has been obtained by suppressing before "wings" the qualifying word "eigentliche"—true or proper, in this case, functional—and the second, by the interpolation of the word "totally." As every anatomist knows, in the birds to which Weismann was referring, the wings are exceedingly reduced and practically functionless; but even in the "kiwi" wing bones and muscles are present.

In Frau Lüröth's first page occurs a gross misstatement, that we cannot attribute to ignorance of German. Weismann wrote that biological science considers natural selection "einen Hauptfactor," one of the chief factors in producing the transformation of species. In the translation it stands as "the chief factor."

The last essay is translated by "the editors and others." These many cooks have written "had taught and demonstrated" for "kennen gelernt"—had learned to know; "fertilization" when the word means "maturity," or "ripeness for fertilization"; and "gegensätzliche Kräfte" they render first as "opposed forces," and later by the ridiculous phrase "antithetical forces."

So much for the translation. Editors of this order no doubt will regard it as mere fastidiousness to object that four lines of Goethe, quoted in the two editions of the first volume, and again in the second, are served each time with a different punctuation, and that each variety differs from the German punctuation.

Let us consider the editors as men of science. Of the twenty-three footnotes that they have supplied, only one is critical, and that dismisses all the magnificent American work upon the morphology of teeth, on the ground that "the most elementary facts concerning the development of teeth prove that their shapes cannot be altered during the lifetime of the individual, except by being worn away." Had they "the most elementary knowledge" of the dentist, they would know that the shapes and size of teeth in children are frequently altered by mechanical means.

But it is for sins of omission that these editors and the Clarendon Press must be utterly condemned. As all biologists know, the essays of Weismann faithfully represent the most surprisingly discontinuous development of ideas that ever has appeared in print. Prof. Weismann has no reason to be ashamed of this; he has been groping for truth, sometimes moving forwards, often retracing his steps, asserting and contradicting, as new aspects dawned upon him, as old facts became dim in the light of new discoveries. Even with the most careful editing, with careful and explanatory footnotes pointing out the successive changes in the fundamental idea, and with an elaborate and orderly preface to provide a continuous thread and to place Weismann's work in some relation to the work of others, the volumes would have presented grave difficulties to the reader. As it is, they have been thrust upon a credulous public, by the names of the editors and by the position of the Clarendon Press, without the slightest attempt at such editing as the case essentially demands.

Take a few instances of the changes of idea. The germ-plasm itself, the central idea of Weismannism, is considered in the earlier essays as the plasma of the reproductive cells; later, as only the plasma in their nuclei; and, later still, as occasionally leaving reproductive cells and passing dormant through other cell-generations. In the earlier essays, variation is held to be caused by external influences only in the case of single-celled organisms, in all others to be due only to sexual reproduction. In the later essays this idea of the stability of the hereditary material is abandoned, variation is attributed to direct action upon the units of the germ-plasm in all cases, while the essential part of sexual reproduction is admitted for uni-cellular as well as for multi-cellular organisms. In the earlier essays the theory that acquired characters are not inherited is set forth categorically. In the later essays exceptions are admitted. In the earlier essays a particular theory of the polar bodies is propounded. In the later essays it is abandoned.

All these, and many other fundamental changes the editors pass unnoticed. And the irony of it is that, in

May 1892, while the editors were writing the preface to their second volume, Weismann, in Freiburg, was writing the preface to a subsequent work, since published in English by another publisher, in which all these changes and many others are incorporated, and which has entirely superseded the Clarendon Press Edition. The general theory of evolution is so transformed that while in the essays he stated it to be epigenetic, now he specifically admits that it belongs to the opposite school, the school of pre-formation.

This review does not deal with the significance of these changes, or, in any sense, with the value of Weismann's contribution to science. It deals only with the issue, by a University Press, and by University editors, of a misleading book, originally practically unedited, now entirely superseded. In the reputable sale of groceries an article so discredited and superseded would no longer be advertised or exposed for sale; but this is not the method of a University Press.

WILLIAM DRUMMOND'S POEMS.

"The Poems of William Drummond of Hawthornden."
Edited by Wm. C. Ward. The Muses' Library.

MR. WARD'S edition of Drummond is the fourth that has appeared this century. Turnbull's, the latest hitherto, was reissued four years ago and is still in print: so it is not unnatural, before opening these dainty volumes, to ask whether there was really any need for their appearance. However, this is a question to be decided, not by critics, but by the public. On its own merits, at any rate, Mr. Ward's edition, with its admirable introduction, fully deserves a welcome. It is more complete than Turnbull's; the eloquent prose piece, "The Cypress Grove," is included; and the text, so far as we have examined it, seems better. In the last sonnet of Part I., for instance, Turnbull reads: "Or late outrageous Fates upon me frown," which indeed is the reading of the Maitland Club edition; but in that edition the original spelling is kept, and "late" can only be "let," as Mr. Ward's text reads. Another example of Turnbull's carelessness occurs in the well-known poem beginning "Phœbus, arise," where he prints the meaningless line, "That she thy carrier may with roses spread." The original is "cariere," i.e. "career"; but in this case we cannot think Mr. Ward is quite justified in marring the rhythm by adopting the modern spelling. Would it not be better to leave the old form and add a foot-note, which in any case is wanted? In one or two other passages that are obscure Mr. Ward does not deign to help us. What is Mr. Ward's interpretation, in this same poem, of "those purple ports of death"? or, in the sonnet above quoted, of "Ind's empampered shore"?

However, Mr. Ward tells us that his two chief objects in preparing his notes were to trace the particulars of Drummond's indebtedness to other poets, and to illustrate the philosophical side of his character. And these objects he has admirably carried out. The numerous quotations from Marino, Petrarch, and Guarini are of great interest, as showing how intimate were the relations between the English and Italian poetry of the time: equally so are the illustrations from Plato and the Platonists. Mr. Ward finds that Drummond borrows most from Sidney among English poets; a fact not hitherto pointed out. Even when adapting from Marino a sonnet to Sleep (which it is interesting to compare with Sidney's, with Daniel's, and with Wordsworth's), he finds space to "lift" a phrase of Sidney's, "kiss the image of my death," besides improving (at least we think it is improving)

"The indifferent judge between the high and low"

into

"Indifferent host to shepherds and to kings."
But one has only to look at Mr. Ward's notes to see how bold and skilful a borrower Drummond was. It is possible, though not probable, that in one case he may have furnished something to a more recent and illustrious master in that art.

"That space, where raging waves do now divide
From the great continent our happy isle,
Was sometime land; and where tall ships do glide
Once with dear art the crooked plough did toil."

We wonder that Mr. Collins did not note this down as the original of a stanza in "In Memoriam." In any case, the thought, a commonplace for days when geology is a fashionable science, is remarkable in an Elizabethan.

To Drummond, however, science was an equal passion with poetry. It was from contemplation of the *primum mobile*, the causes of things and the motions of the stars, that he was disturbed by the "sweet eye" of his mistress, whom the sonnets and madrigals were to celebrate. Even in his love he was still the philosopher. Why does he love this fair creature of white and red, with the amber hair and the greenish eyes? It is because he had seen "elsewhere" the "idea of that face" in the ante-natal world. Thus early he strikes the note of that Platonism which so profoundly steeped his later poetry, as yet uncomplicated by the vain attempt to reconcile with it an ardent faith in Christianity. It may be this preoccupation which prevents the love-poems from being really successful; not that the emotion expressed was not probably sincere; but sincerity, as a literary quality, is the last of the arts, and Drummond's habits of expression were too sophisticated for him to achieve it. Perhaps he is most convincing in the fine sonnet "O, it is not to me, bright lamp of day." On the whole, these poems serve to show "his mind, but not the passion": it is his own criticism of Drayton.

The more his philosophic mood possesses him, the freer and the finer his verse becomes. He has not the true lyric gift: and his extraordinary fondness for inversions makes him read often very crabbedly. His type of sonnet, missing both the sonorous involution of the true Italian form and the passionate sweetness of the Shakespearian, was ill-chosen. Yet how impressive he can be, "The Flowers of Sion" prove; as in the sonnet "For the Baptist" (strangely like in its quality of austere intensity to Cima's noble picture at Venice), in "Content and Resolute," or in the sonnet on the birth of Christ, "to whom too narrow swaddlings were our spheres." In these poems, with their grave ardour, Drummond is in his element and mounts high.

A SCOURGE FOR MISSIONARIES.

"Essay on the Prevailing Methods of the Evangelization of the Non-Christian World." By Robert Needham Cust, LL.D. Luzac & Co.

IT is very seldom that one can find a fair and faithful account of missions; for the enemies of missions know nothing definite about them, and their friends know nothing about any other subject under the sun. Hence the accounts given from either side are much to be questioned. But no one can accuse Dr. Cust of hatred to missions and missionaries. He has befriended and supported them throughout a long and honourable life. No one, on the other hand, can write him down as ignorant of everything except those humorous reports which periodically assure the faithful that the blacks are already white to the harvest and that more cash is needed in the coffers of the Society. Therefore when Dr. Cust boldly and vigorously castigates the abuses of the missionary system, we may take it that this fustigation is well needed. His blows are all the more telling because they come from an avowedly old-fashioned quarter. They are delivered in a style evidently caught from the Bishop of Liverpool—boisterous, bombastic, but yet forcible and enlivened with a tempestuous elephantine humour. Dr. Cust is a decided Protestant; indeed, Exeter Hall would call him a standard-bearer. He is deeply shocked if missionaries sell cows, dispense with trousers and white chokers, or teach carpentry and conic sections to their dusky flocks. He has a hatred of the Roman Obedience, and a dear delight in Dissenters; but neither upholds anti-opium, teetotal, vegetarian, or anarchic fads, nor deviates from common sense in matters such as faith-healing and the possibility of feeding missionaries by ravens; but he fairly states what is going on, and frankly lectures all and sundry upon how the things ought to be done. The fact is that we send our barge-loads of lower middle-class young men and women to represent English religion, of which they know nothing, to races for whom they have no possible sympathy or liking. One needs

but to behold the van-load of candidates who drive to Fulham Palace from Highbury and elsewhere, to be convinced that the mission-field must be full of follies and abuses. "What strange-looking creatures!" the beholder exclaims, as he sees them rolling up to an ordination, singing bad hymns entirely out of tune. They go forth and get into tangles, which soldiers and diplomatists have to undo—not without blood! They become insubordinate, defy their Societies, publish roseate accounts of their very small successes, intrigue politically, buy converts, omit to study the languages, invent new religions, slang the blacks, abuse their religions, violate their rules of hospitality, domineer over and despise their flocks, quarrel among themselves, marry imprudently, fill the mission-house with their innumerable progeny, and finally come home because their wives have enlarged livers, or pine to see Peckham once again. As for the Societies—there are ten Church of England Societies, and innumerable sectarian, mixed, and private ventures besides—the Societies are ridiculously mismanaged, especially the Church Missionary Society, whose ten-and-sixpenny governors Dr. Cust rightly gibes at. The unauthorized mob of conflicting preachers are not only inefficient as a rule, but they are absurdly costly. The money is muddled away in thousands of pounds upon the swarms of missionary brats, pensions for runaway missionaries, and for their quite unnecessary wives. The "deputations," too, swallow up vast sums, because the waters of charity lie deep, and these expensive force-pumps must be used to bring them to the surface; and missionaries think that they "must be gentlemen," and their wives "must be ladies," and so they demand salaries proportionate to this absurd notion.

The whole spectacle is extremely funny, and it is difficult to treat the subject gravely. The young *bourgeois* from Clapham rushes forth to evangelize the ancient world. He confuses Christianity and "civilization": bare legs are as shocking to him as totems and atavism. He will not dissociate baptism from breeches, Bible-reading, and Bass's beer. A woolly-pated bishop who might "strike dat ole banjo" and say "Golly!" would be the ruin of the Church. Men who mock at the painted jackets of priests are unctuously punctilious about frockcoats and elastic boots. The converted savage must be a "middle-class evangelical," as Dr. Cust calls it; and his Church, like his country, must get all her laws from an English protectorate. *Hinc illæ lacrimæ!* as Dr. Cust would say.

Missions seem to be a logical necessity for the Church: and in some form or other we owe a spiritual system to the races with whom we mix, for it is quite evident that wherever we go we unconsciously destroy the laws, customs, moral and religious beliefs of those subject peoples. Our substitutes may be feeble and ridiculous, as they often are, and yet we owe something to the people whose systems we have broken up, and we can only give what we have got; but we might give the best we have got, as apparently we do not. One thing is certain: the missionary societies must pay heed to Dr. Cust's advice, for they will never again get so kind a critic. The younger generation will deal with them much more drastically, and if they cannot show self-supporting native churches instead of mere sparse clusters of converted flunkies, their places will have to be taken by some agency which will respect native tradition and foster that idea of the nation which the Church of England might be expected to understand thoroughly and teach persistently to other nations.

MR. FREDERICK WEDMORE'S SHORT STORIES.

"English Episodes." By Frederick Wedmore. London: Elkin Mathews. 1895.

MR. FREDERICK WEDMORE has gained for himself an enviable reputation among discriminating and critical readers as a maker of short stories, which within their own somewhat narrow limits yield to none in realism and a certain finish of form. Indeed, his refined and subtle art is as realistic in his own quiet little field of psychology as the stronger and larger art of Maupassant in his wider world. He deals chiefly with materials supplied by

study of the inner life; he is sensitive to the slightest suggestions, the most exquisite shades of feeling, and skilled in that simplicity of expression which comes from knowledge of the best literature.

That fine-wrought little study "A Chemist in the Suburbs," delicate as frost-traceries on the window pane, and as natural, showed what Mr. Wedmore could do with such a subject as the ordinary uneventful life of a London shopkeeper who was, of course, in feeling and cultivation a polished gentleman. This story is the gem of the volume entitled "Renunciations"; and although none of the studies in the new volume, "English Episodes," equals in tenderness and completeness the experiences of Richard Pelse, there is some insight into character as well as admirable workmanship in the first story and in the last of the new collection.

"The Vicar of Pimlico" comes first in order and merit. It is a singularly penetrating but sympathetic analysis of the elective affinities which have revealed their existence to an elderly clergyman and a young girl. Arthur Bradbury-Wells and Millicent Sergison are highly civilized yet simple characters, modern, and endowed with distinct individuality. The Vicar, a bachelor of fifty-five, and the refined sensitive independent-spirited girl of twenty meet. The impression each makes on the other is immediate and lasting. Difference of age does not count against the magnetism of elective affinities, and these two feel that they are made for one another. Their conversation reveals with considerable skill the depths of either character. And one for a moment anticipates a happy conclusion. But the vicar had been a soldier: strict obedience to his ideal of duty had come to be a part of his being. And the end, which is seen soon, though not quite from the beginning, is Mr. Wedmore's favourite one—renunciation of happiness at the call of duty. Resignation and renunciation: on these apparently is based his ideal of conduct and his criticism of life.

The subject which has most attraction for Mr. Wedmore, the love of an elderly man for a young girl, is the subject not only of his masterpiece "A Chemist in the Suburbs," but of the last story as well as the first in "English Episodes" and of "A Last Love at Pornic," the first and best of the "Pastorals of France"; but in "The New Marienbad Elegy," as in the story of Richard Pelse, the man's love is unreturned, though in the former the situation differs in that the girl does not suspect the man's feelings.

"The New Marienbad Elegy" takes the form of extracts from the diary of an English poet who goes to Buxton for his health, and there meets an old friend, Lady Rose Rawson, and her daughter Sylvie. This girl in her twenties grows on the poet, young at heart in spite of his years, and occupies more and more space in his diary. Very delicately and happily he sets down his observations, and the figure, as we read, develops before our eyes with increasing distinctness and charm—a perfectly womanly figure, and yet, like Wordsworth's ideal woman, "a spirit bright with something of an angel light."

This frequent recurrence to a favourite theme does not, however, entail any sameness of treatment, as those will admit who read the two independent studies in the present volume and remember the story of Ondelette and Rutterby in "The Pastorals of France," of Beatrice Image and her friend in "Renunciations." It is interesting to observe that this theme which has such attraction for Mr. Wedmore, has evidently no little charm for our greatest master in prose-fiction, Mr. George Meredith. Not only was "Lord Ormont and his Aminta" an instance in point, but in the first instalment of his new novel "The Amazing Marriage," now appearing in serial form, Mr. Meredith describes, with his own brilliant and lavish exuberance, so unlike Mr. Wedmore's frugal style, the loves of the young and fascinating Countess of Cressett and Captain Kirby, a magnificent old buccaneer, nearly seventy years of age, in whom we believe may be detected the features of the celebrated Lord Cochrane, just as Lord Ormont was evidently drawn from the great Earl of Peterborough.

The other stories in "English Episodes" are very inferior to the two we have mentioned. They deal with the life of uneducated and uncultivated people, and Mr. Wedmore is here no longer strong in knowledge of his

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material; his drawing of character is neither firm nor sure, and in spite of the uniform excellence of the writing the sketches are slight and uninteresting. One wonders that so accomplished a man of letters should not have exercised his favourite virtue and omitted the faulty work from his volume as he would omit a superfluous word from a sentence.

Judged, however, by his best work, Mr. Wedmore has a place of his own among the few successful writers of the short story in England to-day. He is a sympathetic student of certain quiet, yet by no means shallow, types of character. His style has distinction, has form. He has the poet's secret how to bring out the beauty of common things, the romance that underlies ordinary character and everyday modern life. He is a realist, and yet finds it possible not to report ill of humanity in the men and women with whom he has to do. His plots are of the simplest. His men and women, though the spirit predominates over the body, are no shadows, they live and move and have a natural being.

He carefully distinguishes between love and passion, and understands and paints every phase of the emotion as successfully as he avoids the slightest allusion to the instinct; for his limitations are obvious and deliberate; he does not attempt to deal with human nature as a whole. His range is not a wide one, he does not attempt to draw men or women in action, or deal with elemental types; nor have the exceptional and the bizarre any attractions for him. Generally speaking, we find that he limits himself to such analysis of the feelings and the character as he thoroughly understands; but as long as he is content to keep within his proper bounds he is master of his powers, and hardly ever fails to finish perfectly the work he has set himself to do.

ARE THE ENGLISH DEGENERATING?

"Darwinism and Race Progress." By Prof. John Berry Haycraft, M.D., D.Sc. London: Swan Sonnenschein. 1895.

IN this reprint of his Milroy Lectures, delivered before the Royal College of Physicians in 1894, Dr. Haycraft advances a striking proposition with great skill and dramatic effect. It is, that in spite of, or, rather, because of material advancement, humaner civilization and social progress, the English race is deteriorating in blood and brain. The arguments he adduces are of a kind in fashion. In the main they are *a priori* considerations derived from current views upon natural selection. Of actual fact he has little to bring forward, and that of doubtful application. Preventive medicine and the more comfortable conditions of modern life have been more successful in combating phthisis and scrofula, infective diseases due to micro-organisms, and the diseases and dangers of infancy. They have had less effect upon "constitutional diseases." The annual death-rates in England from 1858 to 1890 show a progressive decrease for causes in the former group, a progressive increase for constitutional diseases. The death-rate for males per one thousand living shows a decrease, progressive in the decades from 1841 to 1890, in the case of those under thirty-five years old. In the same period the death-rates for those over thirty-five years old would show an increase, if allowance were made for exceptionally favourable climatic influences which, Dr. Haycraft says, kept down the death-rate of those over seventy-five years. The late Dr. Farr, calculating expectancy of life upon the death-rates between 1838 and 1854, assigned to a newly born child of that period an average expectancy of living 39.91 years. Dr. Ogle, working from the death-rates of 1871 to 1880, would assign to a child an expectancy of a year and a few months more than Dr. Farr gave him. On the other hand, the expectancy during later years is less than it used to be. The plain man, accepting these tables, would say that it was natural enough to expect that if fewer people are now killed off in early life, there must be more to die in later years.

But that is reckoning without your Darwinian. Phthisis and scrofula, leprosy, most infectious diseases, and the dangers of infancy Dr. Haycraft regards as "racial friends," lopping off the weaker members from

the body corporate. "If we stamp out infectious diseases we perpetuate poor types." We reach the delightful paradox that more of the race may live longer, but the race is weaker constitutionally. Unfortunately, Dr. Haycraft brings no direct evidence to support what is implied in this conclusion. It would be necessary to show beyond doubt that a disease selects as its prey types of general unfitness, not merely those of specific unfitness; to show that a constitution assailable by the tubercle bacillus was also more ready to extend a fatal hospitality to the bacillus of other diseases; that a child, rescued by modern skill from the convulsions of teething, was more likely to fall a victim to erysipelas or measles. Moreover, it would be necessary to show that the child, rescued from convulsions, or the man from tubercle, was more likely than others to fall a victim to gout or insanity, or heart disease, or to some other constitutional disease.

No evidence for this is brought forward, nor, indeed, is likely to be brought forward. Under modern conditions it is the most neglected, and, therefore, apparently most unfit, who have most opportunity of encountering those diseases which sanitation and benign surroundings resist; and thus the issue is confused. But when modern civilization carries its diseases to the remoter parts of the earth, we do not hear that only the ailing fall victims, but that men, strong or sick, sometimes a whole population, who are devoid of a hidden and hitherto useless immunity, perish before the new bacilli. Should preventive medicine succeed in suppressing every bacillus of infectious disease, we have no reason to believe that a constitution resistant to the non-existing disease would be one whit better off than an unresistant constitution.

But, even though Dr. Haycraft has not proved that preventive medicine has lowered the constitution of the race, he certainly has shown that its success with infectious diseases has accentuated its failure to deal with constitutional diseases, and perhaps has provided more food for them. Insanity, nervous diseases, heart affections, diabetes and gout, as well as disorders like the inherent tendency to drink, vagabondage or crime are purely constitutional, and not to be repressed by legislation. We are in full sympathy with Dr. Haycraft when he calls attention to the only method applicable to them. They are bred in the blood and brain, transmitted from parent to child, like the features or the bodily frame-work. Will the State aid in stamping them out by "segregation of the unfit," or society by encouragement of marriage only between the fit?

LORD BRASSEY'S PAPERS AND ADDRESSES.

"Papers and Addresses by Lord Brassey, K.C.B., D.C.L.—Mercantile Marine and Navigation, from 1871 to 1894." Arranged and edited by Captain S. Eardley-Wilmot, R.N. London: Longmans, Green & Co. 1894.

HAVING already collected his numerous papers on naval subjects, and on matters connected with work and wages, Lord Brassey now republishes some of his speeches, articles, and letters dealing with the mercantile marine and with navigation. Of these the most interesting, and, indeed, almost the only ones of much permanent value, are two addresses, one to the cadets of the *Worcester* and the other to those of the *Conway*, delivered in 1877 and 1880 respectively; a paper on "Tyrants of the Sea," contributed in 1886 to the *Contemporary Review*; and a speech, made at the opening of the Liverpool Nautical College, on "Nautical Education." Lord Brassey has always been a steady and painstaking advocate of naval and maritime improvements, but he is neither an attractive writer nor a brilliant speaker; and, seeing that he has distinguished himself by commonplace thought and awkward expression, we cannot but feel that the volumes in which he has seen fit to revive so large an amount of his words and writings, might, with advantage, have been reduced both in number and in bulk. Concerning the present volume in particular, it is impossible to resist the conclusion that it must have been issued rather for the personal convenience of Lord Brassey and his family than to meet any popular demand.

PEN AND PENCIL AT THE ZOO.

"Zig-Zags at the Zoo." Penned by Arthur Morrison, pencilled by J. A. Shepherd. London: George Newnes, Limited. 1894.

THESE notes originally appeared in the *Strand Magazine*, and presumably make no pretensions to art or to literature. The illustrations apparently are printed from zincotype blocks which have been made from pen-drawings and from clay-faced tone-printed paper. They have all the defects which those who have employed it recognize as the limitations of this crude process. The humour of the letterpress is of the kind that includes maltreatment of words, saying "unto" when the un-humorous would say "to," and the familiar devices of Mr. Jerome and the penny comic press.

Such is the worst of the book, the best is that both Mr. Morrison and Mr. Shepherd are observers of unusual capacity. Going to the Zoo for amusing copy, they have found it in what the least observant may recognize at once as real characters of the animals, although only the most observant would have made the selection. Thus they have produced real caricatures which may delight every one. Under better auspices we should hope to see work of high merit from both of them.

NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

"James Holmes and John Varley." By Alfred T. Story. London: Bentley & Son. 1894.

NO two men pursuing the same calling could be more unlike than the artists associated in Mr. Story's chatty volume. Holmes was a fashionable painter; Varley was very much the reverse. Holmes was a man of many talents, a man of the world, a good talker, with the charm of address, the unflinching tact and *savoir faire* that made him desirable in society. Varley, despite the strain of scepticism in him, of which Mr. Story makes, perhaps, too much, had much of the guilelessness and child-like simplicity that so often are found in men of genius. It was, doubtless, these qualities that attracted Blake. The friendship of these artists, in all other respects so dissimilar, is one of the most interesting recounted of English painters. Everybody knows Varley's unquestioning faith in Blake's visionary powers. When that mystic and seer was engaged in drawing the Builder of the Pyramids, or Edward the Third, Varley would lament his inability to see those august personages. He could only see with, not through the eyes. He was cut off from the spiritual world by an inflexible *ne plus ultra*, but the disability proved no barrier to friendship. Mr. Story has much to say of the social gifts of Holmes, whom he describes as a "courtier," a term that is not altogether inexact. He was a friend of many of the Prince Regent's set. He knew Beau Brummell, and was the friend of Byron, whose portrait he painted more than once. Byron's partiality for Holmes and his painting withstood the test of years. He insisted that no other painter had been so successful with his portrait as Holmes. At one time in his career the painter achieved considerable renown as an artist in a kind of domestic *genre*, flavoured with a rather obvious sentiment or humour, of which "The Doubtful Shilling" is a good example. "The Duchess of York," Mr. Holmes writes, "is said to have shed a tear" on beholding this picture. But he gained his fame as a miniaturist, and was something of a Lawrence in the world of beauty and fashion of his time. From certain observations of Mr. Story (p. 25) you might think that Holmes was a colourist. But very few painters would allow so much. Mr. Story cites the opinion of West, who was as little of a colourist as a painter can be. West thought that the colour of one of Holmes's drawings was equal to that of Titian. Mr. Story's volume is plentifully besprinkled with anecdotes of painters and patrons and others. He is a little unjust to Haydon, we think, and misleading, through misapprehension, when he describes John Varley as "worldly to the last degree." But probably any man might appear worldly when compared with William Blake.

"The Crusade against the Constitution." By Sir W. T. Charley, Q.C., D.C.L. London: Sampson Low, Marston & Co. 1895.

Sir William Charley has lost no time in putting forth this "Historical Vindication of the House of Lords," the greater part of which deals with the legislation of the Lords and their legislative relations with the Commons during the reign of Her Majesty. We observe, indeed, that he has drawn upon Mr. Pike's valuable and learned "Constitutional History of the House of Lords," which was published so recently as November last. But Sir William is not to be charged with undue impetuosity in treating of the origin and history of the Lords spiritual and temporal. He passes lightly over the purely antiquarian and historical questions connected with the subject, and devotes himself chiefly to a review of the legislative work of the Lords since the first Reform Bill and a vindication of that work from a practical point of view. He does, indeed, refer to

the dim and distant past when the monarch, as he puts it, would ask for money, and the representatives of the people would say "Yes; but on condition that you remedy the grievances of those whom we represent." And he contrasts that time with his own not-distant experiences of the House of Commons in a style that suggests something of ancient history. "In my time," he observes, "the members of the House of Commons used to be able to talk upon everything under the sun when Committee of Supply was moved, and often the Ministers had to go to bed without getting a penny"! This is too true. Often, indeed, they have had to sit up all night. "I believe," he adds (with a sly allusion to closure), "some restrictions have since been put on the abuse of this privilege, but it represented the historical growth of our liberties." The conclusion may appear a trifle cryptic. No doubt the liberty of talk has grown since the days of the Plantagenet kings, just as other liberties have grown. Sir William's "Vindication," however, reveals plentiful research, and is spirited enough. It comprises some shrewd dealings with Mr. Harold Spender, Mr. Spalding, and other writers and speakers on the subject. It is corrective, also, of many incredibly ignorant or designedly misrepresenting statements that are current just now in speeches, reviews, pamphlets, and papers. Every page bristles with citations, all duly noted at the foot of the page, from a great variety of writers or speakers, and there is material enough to serve as fuel for controversy for many a week to come.

"The History of Greece." By Adolph Holm. Vol. I. Translated from the German. London: Macmillan & Co. 1894.

This English edition of Dr. Holm's history, to be completed in four volumes, is published, according to the translators' preface, with the author's corrections, and also with valuable additions by him. In this instalment the work is brought down to the close of the sixth century B.C. The author's method is decidedly modern. To each section is appended a compact body of notes referring to, or treating of, the writings of critics, historians, archaeologists, and others, many of whom are contemporaries of the writer. Disclaiming the attainments of Grote, the research of Duncker, or the literary charm of Curtius, he has thought it possible and profitable to take a new line by treating the most important facts in a comparatively narrow compass, and by bringing into clear relief what may be regarded as proved and what as hypothesis. As to what is important, he holds that the historian alone can determine that, and must employ his own selective process. He must "draw a picture of the past." As to the distinction between fact and theory, the historian is indeed a benefactor who makes it his chief aim to place both in true relation and give them brilliant definition. The airs of the philosopher and the habit of generalizing are unbecoming to the historian. In the chapter on "Greek Colonization," we have an excellent example of what the author means by drawing a picture of the past. The sketch of the Messenian wars, again, may be mentioned as an episode in Spartan history treated with an admirable judgment with regard to the discrepancies of ancient authorities, and with a fine sense of proportion.

"The Investigations of John Pym." By David Christie Murray. London: White & Co. 1895.

Mr. John Pym is a detective, who probes the most difficult cases with delightful ease and illuminates the most fuliginous mysteries with his lightning-like intelligence. He is, it needs scarcely be said, no professional hand, though he has relations with Scotland Yard. Like M. Dupin, or M. Parent, or Mr. Sherlock Holmes, or that pre-eminent practitioner who apprehended "la Belle Aliette" and her friends, he pursues his own method and is in a sense "unattached." There is no lack of invention or of novel circumstance in these stories of Mr. Christie Murray. The discovery of the stolen gem in "The Sacred Sapphire" is exceedingly ingenious. The part played by the poisonous South American spider in "The Case of Muevos y Sagra," is decidedly new. No one will question the ingenuity of "The Affair of the Hundred-Rouble Notes." It is only when we come to examine the author's justification of his means and the working of the machinery, that we find how weak and unsatisfactory are these tales of mystery. Mr. Christie Murray, like some other latter-day writers, is a compounder rather than an expounder of this form of fiction. He is content to devise a wonder; but the art of patient, logical, irrefutable explanation and analysis is not his. In a word, he is not of the company of great artists like Poe and M. Parent. His "Sacred Sapphire" is a long way after "The Purloined Letter" of Poe. His cypher story, "Gilead Vanity," is scarcely tolerable by the side of the "Gold Beetle," and of "The Mystery of the Patent Spur" he himself truly observes that it is "striking and terrible," rather than remarkable for observation and reasoning.

"Miss Hurd: an Enigma." By Anna Katharine Green (Mrs. Charles Rohlf). London: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1894.

Another example of the absence of plausibility in a tale of mystery is afforded by this new story by the author of the much-discussed "Leavenworth Case." "Miss Hurd" is a married lady who flies from husband and home, exchanging wealth for obscurity and poverty. She makes many such flights, and is sought for and found, like the sheep that is lost. The imaginative reader will be racked by many a subtle and terrible explanation of this habit of flight in the lady. In the end it is shown to

be a mere whim. She dislikes her husband. The hardened cynic, who holds that all the likes and dislikes of women are irrational whims, may think that this is sufficient explanation of her peculiar humour. Other readers will not be so easily appeased. It is strange that the husband has complete control of his fugitive wife whenever he discovers her, yet there is no hypnotism in the case. Another odd thing is that these curious pursuits and reunions between a fond husband and a deserting wife occur in the United States, where divorce is not impracticable. The "erraticism," as it is called, of Miss Hurd is not attributable to any kind of insanity. Altogether, the story is made up of crudest improbability, and adorned with queer American locutions, such as "a well man" and "to pry open."

"The Land of the Dawning." By Edward H. Conway. London: Remington & Co.

"The Land of the Dawning" consists of some heterogeneous chapters about "that vast strange continent in the wide Pacific seas" which, being writ small, signifies Australia. Mr. Conway gives us a good deal for our money. In one chapter he discourses of economics, such as the rabbit pest; in another he recounts a personal adventure; in a third he reviews the late Adam Lindsay Gordon's verses. But why? The record of Mr. Conway's experiences might have interested us if he had pursued it: yet it begins nowhere and ends nowhere, and even when it is fitfully present with us is shadowy to read as the wandering shades about Cocytus were to behold. Perhaps, however, this is to take Mr. Conway's delinquencies too seriously. We cannot recommend his book, but it is wholly inoffensive.

NOTES.

THE "Garden Oracle" for 1895, issued from the office of the *Gardener's Magazine*, is a handy year-book for gardeners, fruit-growers, florists, and others. It comprises a useful calendar with monthly notes on garden operations, descriptive notes on new flowers, fruits, and vegetables, a capital section devoted to culture and the best varieties of hardy and greenhouse shrubs and flowers, and a chapter on insect pests, with illustrations. The mean temperatures given in the calendar need some revision. The sudden rise of over 10° in the last three days of February is the most notable of several similar errors. In the list of public parks, which includes open spaces of only two or three acres, a place should have been found for the city of Bath and its Victoria Park, one of the most interesting of provincial parks to arboriculturists. The statistical information as to acreages of orchards, &c., is a useful feature of the book.

Sir William Marriott contributes to the February number of the *National Review* an able article setting forth the history of the Primrose League, and its attitude towards the different political questions of the day. The principles of the League are the maintenance of the State Church, the maintenance of the estates of the realm, which would not exclude "a genuine and real reform of the House of Lords," and the imperial ascendancy of the British Empire, which is dependent on a strong navy. The function of the League, says Sir William Marriott, is to educate the masses, so as to wean them from the Radicalism that springs from ignorance, and he ends by an appeal to "all who have any interest in the welfare of their country" to join the Primrose League. "Its sphere of usefulness is only limited by its means; with increased funds its educational work could be extended."

To an interesting number of the *Positivist Review* for February Mr. Frederic Harrison has contributed the text of his annual New Year Address. After a survey of the political situation at home and abroad, Mr. Harrison concludes by warning us of "a sort of fatty degeneration of the fibre of the brain," which "must result from an habit of infinitely subdividing all our knowledge into special and detached groups, and holding over in solution the cardinal problems of thought." He went on to say, "Even in literature, the exaggerated interest in language and phrases ends in a new kind of preciosity in which the subtlety of form does duty for vigour and lucidity of thought." How true is this of the late Walter Pater, and of many of our younger prose-writers.

"The Englishwoman's Year-Book" for 1895 (F. Kirby) reaches its customary standard of unpretentious usefulness. Its excellent preface on "Women's Work in 1894" is signed by Miss March-Phillips.

Among new editions we note Mr. George Howell's "Handy-Book of the Labour Laws" (Macmillan & Co.); vol. ii. of the new form of "English Men of Letters," comprising the late Mr. Mark Pattison's "Milton," Mr. W. Black's "Goldsmith," and Mr. Goldwin Smith's "Cowper" (Macmillan & Co.); "The Hilliards and the Burtons," by Henry Kingsley (Ward, Lock & Bowden); "My Man Sandy," by J. B. Salmond (Arbroath: Brodie & Salmond); Mrs. Ewing's delightful "Flat Iron for a Farthing," and "Old-Fashioned Fairy Tales" (S.P.C.K.); and various reprints in the "Penny Pocket Library" of the S.P.C.K., including "The Pilot" and "The Spy" of Fenimore Cooper; Mr. Frankfort Moore's "Mutiny on the Albatross" and "The Ice Prison," and Captain Mayne Reid's excellent story for young people, "The Desert Home."

Of all atlases that are really portable, one of the most valuable for travelling purposes is Messrs. Philip's "Handy Atlas of the Counties of England," a new and enlarged edition of which has just appeared. These maps, forty-seven in number, are convenient in form and admirably printed. There is a full reference-index to all the places marked, and among these are all the railway stations of England and Wales.

The "Phillips Brooks Year-Book," edited by H. L. S. and L. H. S. (Dickinson) is a compilation of extracts from the writings of the late Bishop Brooks, arranged in the style of a calendar. The passages from the sermons, lectures, and other works of this eminent American preacher are of necessity brief, as befits a collection of "daily thoughts," but they have been selected with care and are representative. The extracts from Newman, Browning, Miss Christina Rossetti, and others, that are added, show not less taste and discrimination.

"Week by Week," by Fraser Cornish (Macmillan & Co.), is a little book of verse written for every Sunday in the year, prefaced in each instance by an extract from the Epistle, Gospel, or Collect of the day. In plan the book is somewhat like the "Christian Year." The studied simplicity of Mr. Cornish's verse is altogether opposed to what most hymn-writers consider to be poetry. Nor is this the only merit of his unpretentious volume. There is a tonic character in the exhortation and admonition that characterize the hymns, and the prevailing sentiment is thoroughly manly and rousing.

We have also received a new edition of Professor Alfred Newton's "Zoology" (S.P.C.K.), a manual of elementary science; "Work," an illustrated journal for mechanics (Cassell & Co.), the volume for January-July, 1894; "Studies in Miniature," by "A Titular Vicar" (Digby, Long & Co.), a series of colourless sketches; "The Great Problem, or Man's Future Place and Work in the Universe," by J. S. (Elliot Stock); "Air, Water, and Disinfectants," by C. M. Aikman, M.A. (S.P.C.K.), a sound and practical manual of health; "The Basis of Municipal Reform," by John T. Emmett (Simpkin & Co.), a pamphlet criticizing certain proposals of the London Municipal Society's recent prospectus; "The Church Patronage Bill of 1894," by the Rev. Edward Penrose Hathaway, M.A. (Elliot Stock); "Charles Kingsley," an essay (Bristol: Pole & Son); "A Tale of Two Curates," by James Copner, M.A. (Digby, Long & Co.); "Verses for Music," by A. L. Mackechnie (Simpkin & Co.); "Midsummer Verses," by the Rev. G. Bampfield, M.A. (Barnet: S. Andrew's Press); "A Sleeping Beauty, and other Tales," by Rowe Lingston (Griffith, Farran & Co.); "Legenda Latina," a Latin reading-book, edited by M. J. F. Brackenbury, M.A. (Rivington, Percival & Co.), intended for school use, and selected from Livy, Cæsar, Sallust, Cicero, Virgil, Horace, Ovid, chiefly, with vocabulary; "A Latin Translation Primer," by G. B. Gardiner, M.A., and A. Gardiner, M.A. (Arnold), a good graduated lesson-book for very young boys; "Poems and Sonnets," by John Swanwick Drennan (Kegan Paul); "Pipings," by J. A. Coupland (Ferries); "Aunt Mai's Annual," edited by Mrs. Steinthal (Constable & Co.); "Cottage Gardening," part 26 (Cassell & Co.); "National Union Gleanings," No. 18 (Simpkin & Co.); *American Journal of Photography*, No. 180; and *The Pulpit* (Digby, Long & Co.)

SCIENTIFIC NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

"Model Engine Construction, with Practical Instructions to Artificers and Amateurs." By J. Alexander. Whittaker & Co.

THERE are many whose hobby is the construction of model-engines, and whose grief is that their engines refuse to work. For such Mr. Alexander has written a useful little book, containing descriptions of the necessary tools and directions how to use them, as well as accurate plans and scale-drawings for working models of the leading types of fixed, locomotive, and marine engines. The first boiler of which the dimensions are given is the result of some experiments conducted by Mr. Alexander himself; and he guarantees for it a steam pressure of 30 lb. per square inch. That should suit the wildest ambition of the young engineer; fortunately directions for a safety valve are provided with it. As fuel the author commends the use of spirits of wine, solid fuel requiring a larger draught than can be obtained in a small boiler. A full account is given of a most convenient hot-air engine, very suitable for working models, as it contains no boiler to explode.

"The Steam-Engine and other Heat Engines." By J. A. Ewing, F.R.S. Cambridge: The University Press.

Prof. Ewing has expanded the article he wrote on the steam-engine in the "Encyclopædia Britannica" into a University text-book, and an excellent text-book is the result. He begins by an historical sketch of the history of the steam-engine, detailing the gradual progress that was made in getting a higher and higher working power from the kinetic energy produced from the fuel. In the subsequent chapters Prof. Ewing endeavours to bring the theory of thermo-dynamics into relation with practical engineering. The less familiar types of engines are described at greater length, it being supposed that the student can have little difficulty in studying the more common forms. Great attention is paid to points often slurred over

in text-books, such as theoretical discussion of the slide valve and the governor. Altogether this book should have a future before it.

"What is Heat? A Peep into Nature's most Hidden Secrets." By Frederick Hovenden. Whittingham & Co.

Mr. Hovenden is a crank with a high degree of excentricity. He believes that life is solely a matter of the "energy of molecules." The two principal factors that cause this energy are, he tells us, heat and electricity. Wherefore he has written this work, to be followed "if this work makes its mark, by solutions of the further problems, 'What is Electricity?' and 'What is Life?'" He begins this answering of the great riddles of the universe by dismissing the method of the physicists as being mathematical and therefore metaphysical. So far as we can understand his conception, it is that the universe consists of definite material units which he calls "atoms" but which are not the hypothetical atoms of the chemist, and of an all-pervading incompressible fluid called "ether," which, again, is not the hypothetical ether of the physicists. He endeavours to correlate the expansion and contraction of solids, liquids, and gases in relation to changes of temperature with an inflow and outflow of ether from the molecules. Unfortunately Mr. Hovenden does not appreciate the difficulties of the theoretical questions he attacks with so light a heart.

"Horse-Breeding for Farmers." By A. E. Pease. Macmillan & Co. 1894.

Mr. Pease is convinced that farmers may mitigate their hard lot by horse-breeding, and he has written this capital little book to show how his suggestion may be put in practice. We are pleased to notice that the beginning and the end of his injunctions are an insisting on the necessity for selection. It was by careful and continuous selection, with a definite object in view, that the great breeds of the world were originated and have been maintained. Mr. Pease rightly is severe on the common practice of paying a large sum for the stallion, but using the most commonplace working mare. He gives an excellent account of the breeds that farmers may turn their attention to with profit, and he supplies useful tables of the cost and reward of the pursuit.

"Diseases of the Ear." By A. Marmaduke Sheild, M.B. (Cantab.), F.R.C.S. Cassell & Co.

Mr. Marmaduke Sheild's little book is designed as a handy guide for students and practitioners, rather than as an elaborate treatise on aural surgery. The leading forms of aural disease and the methods of their treatment are explained succinctly and clearly. Aural complaints require, in nearly every case, the care of the specialist, but it is important that general practitioners should have a guide to help them in deciding where a specialist is required.

We have also received from Cassell & Co., "Cottage Gardening for 1894," and the "Elements of Surgical Pathology," a fourth edition of Dr. Pepper's well known text-book; from Macmillan & Co., "The Elementary Properties of the Elliptic Functions," by A. C. Dixon, M.A., and "An Introduction to the Theory of Electricity," by L. Cumming, M.A. (fourth edition); from Whittaker & Co., the seventh edition of Sir David Solomon's "Electric Light Installations"; from Taylor & Francis, "A Few Chapters in Astronomy," by C. Kennedy, M.A.; from W. and R. Chambers, "Organic Chemistry," Part II., by W. H. Perkin, F.R.S., and F. S. Kipping, D.Sc.

LITERARY NOTES.

DUTCH novels have lately been making a certain success in London, and Messrs. Wells Gardner, Darton & Co. announce an English translation of "A Young Wife's Ordeal," by Johanna von Wonde, a well-known Dutch authoress.

Mr. Edwin Arnold will publish, early in March, a novel entitled "Ormsdal," by the Earl of Dunmore, whose recent work on the Pamirs attracted some attention. The scene of the novel is laid partly in Scotland and partly in Egypt, two countries with which the author is equally familiar.

Messrs. J. M. Dent & Co., have in active preparation a book of "Drawing-room Duologues and Scenes from Jane Austen's Novels," suitable for private performance. Mrs. H. M. Dowson (Rossini Filippi), of Oxford, has adapted and arranged the scenes from "Northanger Abbey," "Sense and Sensibility," "Emma," and "Pride and Prejudice"; and Miss Fletcher contributes drawings illustrative of the costume of the period. The book will be produced in a similar style to the same firm's edition of the novels of Jane Austen.

A work on "Mussel Culture and the Bait Supply with reference more especially to Scotland," by Mr. W. L. Calderwood, F.R.S.E., will be published next week by Messrs. Macmillan & Co. Mr. Calderwood thinks that a systematic cultivation of our foreshores must be attempted before long, and that, on this account, a service may be rendered by the publication of a manual dealing with the natural history of the mussel, the practical aspects of its culture, and the legal questions bearing on the ownership and leasing of shell-fish scalps.

Messrs. Cassell & Company will shortly publish a new work entitled "A King's Diary," by Mr. Percy White, author of "Mr.

Bailey-Martin." It will be issued in a form peculiar to itself, and will be followed by other works produced in a similar manner. Mr. Max Pemberton is, we understand, to undertake the selection and editing of this new departure in pocket editions.

Next week Messrs. Macmillan and Co. will issue a new edition of Prof. Silvanus Thompson's "Elementary Lessons on Electricity and Magnetism." The work has been almost wholly rewritten, and many new illustrations have been added. It contains, among other new matter, a discussion of the modern influence machine, the dynamo, the alternator, the transformer, and the alternate-current motor, including the newest types now coming into use. The last chapter, which is wholly new, is on electric waves, and deals with the theory of Maxwell and the recent experiments of Hertz, Lodge, and others, down to those of Ebert, which were described only in September last.

A work containing "Studies in Social Character and Theory" will be published shortly by Messrs. Macmillan & Co. It will deal with many of the questions which are now being agitated by social reformers. It is being edited by M. B. Bosanquet, with whom as contributors are associated Mr. C. S. Loch, secretary to the Charity Organization Society, Mrs. MacCallum, and Miss H. Dendy.

Messrs. Macmillan will also shortly publish "Select Passages from Ancient Writers, illustrative of the History of Greek Sculpture," by M. H. Stuart Jones, Fellow of Trinity College, Oxford. The author begins with ancient opinions about the beginnings of Greek sculpture. He then passes to the records of archaic and transitional sculpture, the age of Pheidias and Polykleitos, and sculpture in the fourth century B.C. The schools of Pergamon and Rhodes are dealt with in an appendix.

"The Reminiscences of the Dean of Salisbury" will be published next week by Mr. Edwin Arnold. Dean Boyle's father was Lord Justice-General of Scotland, and was a close friend of Sir Walter Scott, Professor Wilson, Jeffrey, Dean Ramsay, Dr. Chalmers, and other members of the Edinburgh literary society of the time, of whom—as well as of his own contemporaries, Thackeray, Dean Stanley, &c.—Dean Boyle tells many interesting anecdotes.

The next volumes of the "Heroes of the Nations" series, published by Messrs. G. P. Putnam's Sons, will be "Julian, Philosopher and Emperor," by Alice Gardner, of Newnham College, Cambridge; "Louis XIV., and the Zenith of the French Monarchy," by Arthur Hassall, of Christ College, Oxford; "Charles XII., with Sweden as a Continental Power," by W. Nisbet Bain; and "Lorenzo de Medici," by Edward Armstrong, of Queen's College, Cambridge.

The Editor cannot undertake to return rejected Communications. He must also entirely decline to enter into correspondence with writers of MSS. sent in and not acknowledged.

ADVERTISEMENTS intended for the SATURDAY REVIEW should be addressed to Messrs. R. ANDERSON & CO., 14 COCKSPUR STREET, to the PUBLISHING OFFICE, 38 SOUTHAMPTON STREET, STRAND, or to the CITY OFFICE, 18 FINCH LANE, LONDON, E.C. A printed Scale of Charges may be obtained on application.

Copies of the SATURDAY REVIEW Bill of Contents will be forwarded every Friday Evening by post, prepaid, to any newsagent in Town or Country, on application to the Publisher.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

NOTICE OF REMOVAL

Mr. FREDERICK LITCHFIELD having purchased the Premises, Stock, and Goodwill of the late Mr. George Sinclair, he will shortly transfer his business from

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The LIST FOR SUBSCRIPTIONS will CLOSE for the COUNTRY at Twelve Noon This Day, SATURDAY.

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PROSPECTUS.

This company has been formed for the purpose of acquiring and working five Gold Mining Leases, now known as the Mainland Consolidated, situate on the borders of Lake Austin, about 10 miles to the south-east of Cue, in the Murchison Goldfield, Western Australia. The property includes the five leases known as the Mainland, Last Chance, Daly's, and the two Central Blocks, numbered respectively 130, 131, 132, and 133, and comprises an area of 37 acres, or thereabouts, including one acre mill site. The leases all adjoin, and, according to the report of Mr. Charles Kaufman, M.E., hereafter referred to, extend for over 3000 feet on the line of reef.

Mr. H. S. Ainsworth, the manager of the Mainland Consolidated Gold Mines, in his report thereon submitted by the vendors to the West Australian Exploring and Finance Corporation (Limited), states that he considers this the richest property on the Murchison Goldfields, and that it will hold its own and compare favourably with any mine in Western Australia. In regard to the Mainland Lease, Block No. 130, Mr. Ainsworth, amongst other things, reports: "This block comprises an area of nine acres, and is situated on the western end of the Mainland Range, and adjoins Daly's Lease, out of which some 700 ounces of gold have been won. It has three shafts sunk to a depth respectively of 50 feet, 40 feet, and the present one, now working 30 feet, and good gold is being obtained from each. There are also two levels, one at a depth of 50 feet, and the other at 50 feet, the one at twenty feet having yielded immense returns, as much as 70 ounces taken from a square foot of stone. The 50 feet level cuts the reef, which shows gold freely. This level has produced as much as 27 ounces to the bucket, and the last doling was 40 ounces for about 50 lb. of stone. Altogether this lease has yielded by dolly process about 1400 ounces, and the tailings therefrom, weighing 70 lb. treated by the assayer, yielded 70 ounces, or an ounce to the pound. This gold obtained the high price of £4 0s. 9d. per ounce."

"I estimate the quantity of stone in sight ready for stopping to be fully 3000 tons, which has proved by the following crushings to average five ounces to the ton. No. 1, to tons, 53 ounces. No. 2, 11 tons, 77-0 ounces. Later we have been taking some very rich stone from the 30-foot shaft, and estimated to yield 100 ounces to the ton, thus proving the continuance of the reef and its rich deposits. The ironstone is another feature of the richness of this property, extraordinary results having been obtained from the stone, which seems to extend to a considerable thickness on the footwall; the slate also on the footwall in some cases assaying 10 ounces to the ton."

"The reef, so far as has been worked, shows a uniform thickness of about two feet, nearly vertical, and trending N.E. by S.W., proving it to be a true fissure lode. The lode formation averages a thickness of four feet, and is easily worked, no explosives being required, as the country consists of decomposed diorite for the hanging wall, and clay, slate and iron footwall. Water level is about 48 feet, and the gold obtained from below water level, in Daly's lease, the adjoining claim, is far richer and coarser in nature than any obtained above, proving that the reef will carry superior gold below the water. Wood for furnaces is very plentiful."

In regard to the Last Chance Lease, Block No. 130, Mr. Ainsworth, amongst other things, reports: "This lease comprises six acres. There are five shafts on this lease, the deepest being 55 feet, where the reef was recently struck, showing splendid gold. There are, at present, three levels on this property and the fourth in course of opening, the total length driven in the three levels being respectively 300 feet. At the north end the reef shows eight feet of solid stone in this level and known as No. 1. No. 2 is driven for a distance of 120 feet, in which three shoots of gold were cut. No. 3 is at the 50 feet level, and has proved extremely rich, being driven a distance of 130 feet. As much as 1000 ounces have been won from this level while cutting through one shoot of gold. This gives an underly of backs ready for stopping or some 120 feet estimated to contain 7000 tons of stone, which I estimate will yield a return of five ounces to the ton, and in another month this will be increased to between 8000 and 9000 tons, or a matter of 45,000 ounces ready for milling."

"The results of this block have been phenomenal, as the following yields will show: No. 1. One bucket of stone yielded 127 ounces. No. 2. One bucket of stone yielded 168 ounces. No. 3. Two buckets of stone yielded 227 ounces. No. 4. One bucket of stone yielded 126 ounces. No. 5. One bucket of stone yielded 27 ounces. No. 6. Two buckets of stone yielded 454 ounces. No. 7. 8 lb. of stone yielded 21 ounces. Crushings from this lease are as follows: No. 1. 6 tons, 64 ounces. No. 2. 7 tons, 266 ounces. No. 3. 12 tons, 132 ounces. Altogether the quantity of stone dolled from this block has realised the handsome yield of 3500 ounces."

"There is in connection with the above properties a three-head four-and-a-half cwt. stamp battery, driven by a Roby 4-h.p. portable engine, all new and in thorough working order, and battery house built of iron. This battery stands on an area of one acre, held as a machine area, under registration. The capabilities of the battery are 30 tons per week."

In regard to the Daly Lease, Block No. 131, and the two Central Leases, Blocks Nos. 132 and 133, Mr. Charles Kaufman, M.E. (in a report hereinafter referred to) states that the Daly property covers an area of nine acres, and is now being worked on a branch of the main lode, which contains rich chutes of ore, the shaft on the incline of the vein being 70 feet deep. The Central Blocks (lying between Daly's and the Last Chance Leases) cover an area of 12 acres, the main shaft being down 200 feet and an incline 70 feet. The width of the reef is here 5 feet, gold being visible to the eye in several places. At the bottom of the Last Chance Mine the lode is dipping in the direction of the Central Blocks.

Mr. H. Lancaster Hobbs, M.E., who made an extensive and independent examination of the Murchison district for other parties, in a report for the West Australian Exploring and Finance Corporation (Limited), amongst other things, states in regard to the Last Chance Lease: "The lode in this property varies much in size, and I averaged it at 2½ feet to 3 feet in width. The rich shoot of ore, from which the owners have extracted so much gold, runs diagonally, striking S.W., and carries very coarse gold. This was the richest piece of ground I saw on the Murchison Fields. There can be no doubt that this reef extends into the Daly Lease, they having also rich chutes of ore similar to the Last Chance, the country rock and general appearances being identical. The reef continues into the Mainland Lease, where I estimated its width to be 3 feet. The reef running from the Last Chance to the Mainland (the entire extent of the property) is a good strong reef with a well-marked outcrop, prospecting well its whole length, and from its general appearance and the nature of the country rock in which it is found, I should judge would prove to make in depth. Not taking into consideration the phenomenally rich pay chute that has been met with, I calculated the main body of the reef would value 2 oz. of gold per ton. The cost of working in the Mainland District would be from 1 oz. to 20 cwt. per ton of ore, so that a large margin for profit would accrue from working this reef."

The Hon. William Clarke, J.P., formerly Minister of Justice of New South Wales, in a letter calling attention to this property, wrote: "I have visited the Yigara (Coolgardie) and Murchison Goldfields of Western Australia, and have been almost to every mine in those localities. There is no doubt that these goldfields will be permanent, and that there are wonderful surprises in store in the future. In my estimation, and in the opinion of the best mining experts on the Murchison, this property (Mainland Consolidated) is one of the best, if not the best, of the goldfields." Lord Douglas, of Hawick and Tibbers (late of Perth, Western Australia), in a recent letter, writes: "In Western Australia there is a general consensus of opinion that the Mainland Consolidated is one of the best properties on the entire goldfields now to the front."

Mr. Charles Kaufman, M.E., who was specially instructed to examine and report on all the above Leases for the West Australian Exploring and Finance Corporation (Limited), in a very lengthy cable report, dated 9th January, 1895, in describing the extent of the developments on the several properties, amongst other things, states: "The vein (Last Chance Lease) contains many chutes and chimneys of ore varying in width from 10 inches to 4 feet. A rich chute of ore in the face of the drift at the lowest level averages about 1000 ounces of gold per ton. The ore from the workings (Mainland Lease) has produced £9000. Daly's Lease has produced £6500, notwithstanding the imperfect means of working. Plenty of water to be obtained sinking." He concludes as follows: "Rich chutes of ore and chimneys of extraordinary richness have not been taken into consideration in an average sample (Mainland Consolidated). At a very low estimate leases will average between 2 and 3 ounces of gold per ton. I consider it a most valuable property, with a great future before it."

Having regard to the valuable leases to be acquired by this company, their great extent on the line of reef, the small capital of the company in proportion to the value of the property to be taken over, and the general consensus of opinion in Western Australia (as set forth in the letter of Lord Douglas) that this is one of the best properties on the goldfields, the directors feel justified in expressing their confidence that handsome dividends will accrue to the shareholders as soon as the property is equipped with an appropriate plant of crushing and milling machinery, which it is their intention to erect forthwith.

The purchase price of the property has been fixed by the West Australian Exploring and Finance Corporation (Limited), who are the vendors and promoters of the company, at £125,000, payable as to £75,000 in cash, and as to £50,000 in cash of shares, or partly in cash and partly in shares. £25,000 will be provided for working capital. The vendors have agreed to pay all the expenses of forming and establishing the company up to allotment other than the legal expenses of aud incidental to the registration of the company and the conveyance of its property.

The only contract entered into by the company is an agreement dated the 28th day of January, 1895, and made between the West Australian Exploring and Finance Corporation (Limited), of the one part, and Charles Lloyd, as trustee for this company, of the other part, providing for the purchase of the above-mentioned leases. Agreements have been entered into with third parties, to none of which the company is a party, and applicants or shares will be deemed to have notice of the contents of these, and to have waived their right (if any) to particulars thereof, whether under Section 38 of the Companies Act, 1867, or otherwise. The above-mentioned agreement, original reports, and the memorandum and articles of association can be inspected at the offices of the company's solicitors.

Applications or shares should be made on the form enclosed in the prospectus, and sent with the required deposit to the bankers of the company. If the number of shares applied for by any applicant be not allotted, the surplus of the amount paid on deposit will be appropriated towards the amount due on allotment, and, where no allotment is made, the deposit will be returned in full. Prospectuses and application forms may be obtained at the offices of the company, and also of the bankers and brokers.

London, 28th January, 1895.

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The Great Northern Railway Company, besides constructing at its own cost so much of the Railway as lies north of Drayton Park, also guarantees to this Company, in connection with through traffic only, minimum payments and rentals, together amounting to about £30,000 per annum, for one-fourth of the train service and other accommodation. This sum is equivalent to £2 per cent. per annum upon the whole Share Capital.

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The motive power will be electricity, but this Railway will differ from other electric railways in that the tunnels will be 16 feet in diameter—the size of main-line tunnels—and will take the Great Northern Railway Company's heaviest suburban trains, consisting of eleven vehicles, with a seating capacity of 500 passengers.

This Railway will further differ from any other of these railways by having a guaranteed and assured income from the through traffic sent over the line in the Great Northern Railway Company's trains, in addition to its anticipated very large receipts from local traffic carried by the Company in its own trains.

THROUGH TRAFFIC.—Under an Agreement, the Great Northern Railway Company gives a free easement over its land, and (*inter alia*) undertakes, from the opening of the line, to send over the City Railway not less than 30 and not more than 100 of its own trains each way per working day; to provide and maintain its own trains and guards, and to pay its proportion of the working expenses of the City Station.

LOCAL TRAFFIC.—The Railway will accommodate 320 trains per day each way, and assuming the Great Northern Railway Company to run its maximum number of through trains, there will remain 220 trains per day each way for the use of local traffic.

The guaranteed minimum payments by the Great Northern Railway Company are alone equivalent to 2 per cent. per annum on the whole Share Capital. Having regard to the foregoing estimates, the Directors believe that the income from local services will be sufficient, after providing for all expenses, to assure, with the Great Northern guarantee, an immediate and satisfactory return, with every prospect of steady yearly improvement.

A contract has been entered into with Mr. J. W. Willans (who constructed the Liverpool Overhead Electric Railway) for the construction and equipment of the Railway and works for a fixed maximum sum.

The estimated cost of the undertaking including land, buildings, works, stations, equipment, and the City Station for the Great Northern through traffic, with all parliamentary, administration, and other expenses whatsoever, is £1,400,000, and the Directors believe that this sum will not be exceeded.

Application for Shares must be made on the Form attached to the Prospectus, accompanied by a deposit of 10s. per Share, and lodged with the Company's Bankers, the National Provincial Bank of England, Limited, 112 Bishopsgate Street, E.C., and its Branches, or Williams Deacon and Manchester and Salford Bank, Limited, 20 Birch Lane, E.C., and its Branches.

The LIST FOR APPLICATIONS WILL BE CLOSED on or before MONDAY, February 4, 1895.

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